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The Dawes Plan, Inter-Allied Debts and Russia

By Ernest Remnant

After the great blood-letting of the war, do we not all perceive not merely the wisdom, but even the necessity—I do not say of declaiming against the wickedness of killing, because when war breaks out men will only think of the nobleness of dying—but of discovering beforehand, in all goodwill and with careful and patient deliberation, the seeds of possible future conflict, in order, while there is yet time, to remove them out of the way for ever?

(The Lord Chief Justice of England, at Manchester, December 9.)

THE inter-relation of the problems of European policy often extends farther than is commonly perceived. They should be looked at through a telescope rather than a microscope. I have expressed the view that the Versailles creations of the Free City of Danzig and the Polish corridor will not indefinitely be respected by Germany and, failing adjustment, will lead to war.* No independent observer will maintain that Germany is likely to be satisfied with less than the restoration of Danzig and the northern end of the corridor, giving her uninterrupted access to East Prussia. If adjustment is left to the force of arms, Germany will certainly aim at the recovery of Posen and Silesia and, if successful, overrun Poland. No soldier has any illusions on this subject. It is clear that Poland cannot be asked to make the necessary concessions to satisfy Germany unless she receives adequate compensation. This, as I have shown,† is only possible by bringing Russia within the scope of a comprehensive settlement of European problems.

This again will only be possible when England, France, and Germany have agreed upon a common policy in regard to Russia. And they will not do this unless at the same time they achieve a settlement of their own apparently more immediate problems of Reparations and the Rhineland. Danzig and the Dawes

* "Seeds of War in Europe," ENGLISH REVIEW, November 1927.
† Ibid.

Plan are thus more closely related than expert commentators upon either are accustomed to admit. In THE ENGLISH REVIEW for last month (December), M. Jacques Seydoux, who represented France throughout the negotiations with Germany and the Allies ended by the adoption of the Dawes Plan, gave a lucid summary of that chapter of post-war history. I need only, therefore, restate the present position of the Reparations problem in the briefest outline.

The last figure assessed by the Reparations Commission as the total liability of Germany was 132 milliards gold marks (£6,600,000,000) in 1921.

In 1924, when the Dawes Plan came into operation, the maximum annual payment by Germany (to be reached in 1928–29) was fixed at £125,000,000. But no limit was put upon the period during which such payments should be made. The verdict of the Reparations Commission in 1921 was neither confirmed nor modified. It was ignored. If, however, an annual payment of £125,000,000 is accepted as the maximum, and no one today would suggest that it should be increased, it is evident that the fantastic total of £6,600,000,000 must be reduced by more than half. For interest alone on that sum at 5 per cent. would require £330,000,000 a year, without amortization. So after paying the sum fixed by the Dawes Plan for fifty years, Germany would still owe the whole of the original debt plus £10,250,000,000 for arrears of *simple* interest. Thus the debt, instead of being repaid, would continually increase for ever! Which, as Euclid says, is absurd. Given an annual payment of £125,000,000, it is necessary to fix two factors in order to arrive at the total sum at which the debt can be capitalized. These are the period during which the payments shall be made and the rate of interest to be reckoned for service of the debt. There will be general agreement that sixty to sixty-five years is the maximum term. As to interest, the higher the rate, the smaller the capital sum, and vice versa. If the period be fixed at sixty years, with interest at 4 per cent. and providing for amortization, an annual payment of £125,000,000 will capitalize at £2,828,000,000. And that, or thereabouts, is obviously the limit practically attainable. The first question, therefore, to be decided is the term, and although there are many who advocate making

it short, including distinguished Frenchmen, such as M. François-Marsal, I maintain that there would be no advantage to anyone, certainly not to Germany, in reducing it below sixty to sixty-five years. If, by reason of considerations mentioned later, any concession can be made to Germany, it will be more valuable to her in the form of a reduction of the sum annually payable than in the term of years.

For as the years pass, and the population and productivity of Germany increase, the burden, heavy now, will become proportionately lighter. After the Napoleonic wars, and during the period of stringency which immediately followed that vast drain upon our resources, the merchants and bankers of England predicted national bankruptcy. Not many years later those fears were forgotten and the debt created by the wars had become a fashionable investment in the form of consols, much of which is still outstanding.

The total of the debt having been fixed, together with the rate of interest, amortization and the term of the payment, the way would be clear to the final step toward a general settlement. The whole amount should be funded in the form of German National Bonds and allotted to the creditor countries in their respective proportions. Such a sum could not, of course, immediately be underwritten or issued on the investment markets of the world. That process would require many years and would be governed by the conditions prevailing from time to time. But there is no reason to suppose that over a period of years very substantial amounts could not be placed with investors. I have suggested that the rate of interest should be fixed at 4 per cent., admittedly much below the present rate of German credit. There are, I submit, good reasons for not fixing it higher. Assuming sixty years as the period of the obligation and bearing in mind that Germany is, or is likely to be, the nation with the highest productivity in Europe, it is reasonable to consider the rates prevailing for first-class national securities during, say, half a century before the war. They would be nearer 3 per cent. than 4. As long, of course, as 4 per cent. was below the current level of German credit, the bonds would be at a discount. But they would be freely bought as an investment promising attractive capital appreciation. The largest

buyers would be Americans, Germans, and, as circumstances permitted, probably the German Government. Once a substantial proportion of the bonds had been distributed on the world's market, the sting of Reparation payments by the defeated to the victors would be gone and the national interest of Germany would simply be to extinguish the debt by purchase and cancellation as soon as possible. The spectre of repudiation and reprisals would no longer haunt France and disturb Europe. So far as it is possible to foretell the future, the problem of the Reparations debt would have been solved.

On December 16, the report of Mr. Parker Gilbert, the Agent-General for Reparation Payments, for the third annuity year under the Dawes Plan, was published. His views will command wide respect. His appointment to a task requiring exceptional qualifications has been brilliantly justified. Complete confidence both in the soundness of his judgment and his judicial impartiality is proved by the fact that he has been able to address very frank criticism to the German Government in regard to their extravagance without exciting ill-feeling. His prestige, on the contrary, has been enhanced, his warnings have been taken to heart, and he has gained the gratitude of all the best elements in Germany.

After a timely reassertion of the legal claim to priority of reparation payments and transfers, Mr. Parker Gilbert points out that the Dawes Plan established a protected system designed to safeguard German exchange and secure the maximum of transfers without either injury to the exchange or a general control over German affairs. (The safeguard consisted in the power of the Transfer Committee to withhold transfers and accumulate reparation payments in Germany whenever exchange could not be effected without breaking the market.) The following passages from the Agent-General's report powerfully support some of the views expressed in this article.

In forming judgments, the weaknesses of the protected system must be considered. Transfer protection tends to save the German public authorities from some of the consequences of their actions, and the uncertainty as to the total amount of the reparation liabilities inevitably tends everywhere in Germany to diminish the normal incentive to do the things and carry out the reforms that would be clearly in the country's own interests. The Experts' report regarded the protected system as a means to meet an urgent problem. The

only alternative is the final determination of Germany's liabilities on an absolute basis that contemplates no measure of transfer protection. The Experts did not, indeed could not, say when they considered such a settlement would become possible, but they described their Plan as providing " a settlement extending in its application for a sufficient time to restore confidence."

But confidence in the general sense is already restored, and the proof of it is present on many sides. . . . As time goes on and practical experience accumulates, it becomes clearer that neither the reparation problem nor the other problems depending on it will be finally solved until Germany has been given a definite task to perform on her own responsibility, without foreign supervision and without transfer protection.

But Germany's debt to the Allies, regulated by the temporary expedient of the Dawes Plan, is only a part of the problem of the War Debts. There remain the inter-Allied debts, and in particular the debts to America. France will not engage herself by ratification of any settlement with America which is not conditional upon the discharge of her obligations by Germany. I will not burden this article with any recapitulation of my views on the American attitude toward War Debts.* It is enough to repeat that it is another example of the inter-relation of world problems and that no satisfactory settlement of inter-European debts is likely to be achieved without reference to America. England has made it known that she is prepared to cancel all claims on her Allies beyond the sum which she has to pay to America.† Although France has not publicly committed herself to a like policy, I would venture the opinion that if she were relieved of her liability to America and England, she would in fact be willing to forgo the greater part of her claim above the cost of reconstruction of her devastated areas (with accrued interest about £800,000,000). France's share of £2,828,000,000 would be £1,527,000,000, of which perhaps she might remit nearly a third by grace of America. Complete or partial cancellation of war debts by America would proportionately facilitate the liquidation of the Dawes Plan. It is a possibility which has been so powerfully advocated in America that any consideration of the question would be incomplete without reference to it.

But there is no sign in America of any official

* America and Inter-Allied Debts, ENGLISH REVIEW, January 1925.

† Balfour Note, August 1922.

inclination to make further remissions of war debts, nor is it likely that the idea will make headway until after the Presidential election and the calling of a conference to consider the liquidation of the Dawes Plan. Meanwhile, advocacy of remission is best left to Americans in America. We can only approach the problem, therefore, on the basis that the full amount of the debts as agreed will stand, and that Germany will pay £125,000,000 a year for a period which, I suggest, cannot be longer than sixty-five years. Thus we arrive at a maximum capital sum of something less than £3,000,000,000 with interest at 4 per cent. During a recent visit to Berlin, I had conversations with a number of leading bankers and business men, and I found always frank admission that the collection of the Dawes annuity in gold marks was well within Germany's capacity. While there was less confidence as to her ability to find the full amount of exchange for transfer, serious doubt applied only to the last £50,000,000. There was, in fact, general agreement, corresponding with the best informed opinion in London, that under normal conditions the provision of exchange up to the value of about £75,000,000 annually should present no serious difficulty. But I found a much more confident disposition to face the obligation to provide even the whole amount of £125,000,000 annually, if the total of the debt were fixed and funded. While it may appear that the problem of finding foreign exchange would still remain the same, an important and helpful psychological factor would be introduced. No debtor can be expected cheerfully to continue payments up to, or near, the limit of his capacity without the consolation that his ultimate liability is thereby being reduced. Yet that is Germany's position today. Other advantages, moreover, would accrue from funding the debt and its conversion into a negotiable security calculated to assist the fiscal service of its interest and amortization, too complicated and technical to be discussed except by an expert.

It is important to avoid confusion of Germany's capacity to set aside annually out of her national income 132 milliard gold marks with her ability year after year to find foreign exchange for the transfer of that sum. Only transfer is likely to present any difficulty.

THE DAWES PLAN

In THE ENGLISH REVIEW for June 1923 I restated the view which I first expressed in 1918, that:

> Germany's present inability to pay arises from transient causes entirely insufficient to justify permanent remission of her debt. A consideration of vital importance, invariably ignored by the Keynes school of thought, which has hypnotized the world into acceptance of the theory that reparations must be largely abandoned, is that if payment is to be graduated and spread over a long period, the important calculation is the mean ability to pay during that period, and not only at the commencement. With the increase in population, and the increase in productivity resulting from advances in science, it is only reasonable to assume that the production of wealth will have doubled in Germany within thirty years. It did so during the last thirty years, and the rate of scientific progress has not slackened. As soon, moreover, as Russia is released from her nightmare of Bolshevism, she will offer a field for German industrial activity far more valuable than that of the forfeited colonial possessions.

It is agreed that the difficulty of transfer only applies to the full amount and under present conditions. By postponing the operation of the sinking fund for, say, five years, the sum to be transferred annually during that period would be reduced by £25,000,000. The difficulty of transfer lies wholly in finding a market for German goods. If England, France, and America were willing to accept more German goods, the transfer problem would be solved. It is, however, extremely improbable that they will do so: France, indeed, is finding it impossible to absorb her full quota of reparations in kind, merchants being overstocked and manufacturers protesting. The solution is obviously fresh markets. One of the largest in the world is at hand, Russia. Whenever the present reign of criminal lunacy in Russia is superseded by a saner form of government, a very large, perhaps the largest, share of the trade of that vast country will naturally fall to Germany. Everyone is agreed as to the desirability of re-establishing trade with Russia. But the obstacles, economic and political, are so great that the trade now precariously carried on is not more than a quarter of the possible volume under usual civilized conditions. I need not enlarge upon the economic difficulties. They are too obvious and well known. The first condition of successful trade is confidence. The next is freedom. Neither exists. Neither is possible under the present reign of terror. The Communists have certainly provided one instance to justify

their theory that destruction must precede reconstruction. Until the criminal regime which has ruined Russia is destroyed root and branch, her national wealth will be lost, not only to the world, but to the masses of her population, and Russia will remain a menace to civilization.

Now the political influence which alone prolongs this tragedy is Germany. For Germany has both admitted and secret treaties with Russia which prevent the rest of Europe from joining in a common policy to restore normal, civilized government to that unhappy country. But for Germany, the small clique of alien adventurers whom she originally helped to seize power would not have been able for so long to maintain their precarious game of trickery, robbery, and bluff. For, since there is no likelihood of military aggression against them from any quarter, political action to be effective must be united, and that is impossible while Germany remains a half-avowed, half-secret ally. Germany, it is true, may fairly retort that she would have been ready to break this disreputable association if Mr. Lloyd George, with his pitiable inability to grasp the realities of foreign policy, had not driven her into the Rapallo Treaty. I confess, having listened to eloquent descriptions of Germany's isolated position at that time and of her natural desire to have at least one trump card from the European pack, that her action then was at least understandable. But if Germany wishes to regain the respect of the world, she can no more remain compromised by complicity with the most dangerous enemies of civilization than a gentleman can consort with card-sharpers. If she thinks her understanding with Russia is a trump, the sooner she plays or discards it for what it is worth, the better for herself and the rest of the world. Her refusal to do so could only bear the most sinister interpretation, and I prefer not to dwell upon that unpleasant prospect. Germany must either declare herself for or against civilization, and it is difficult to believe that when a clear issue is placed before her, she will deliberately range herself with the East against the West. Again, in fairness to Germany it must be said that European statesmanship has not so far presented her with such a clear issue.

Very briefly I will try to indicate its outlines.

The dangers arising from the German-Polish frontiers

have been stated. A war between Germany and Poland would involve France, and who knows what other nations. Russia, pledged to support Germany, would seize her opportunity of attacking Poland. Europe would be ablaze. The means of removing this risk, and, I believe, the sole means, have also been stated. They require concessions from Russia only to be obtained by a common policy of the Great Powers and the renunciation by Germany of any independent or secret alliance with Russia. The foundation for such a union of the Powers must be an accord between France, Germany, and England, which can be achieved only when the Reparations debt has been settled and the Rhineland, in logical sequence, evacuated. If I thus dismiss the Rhineland in a sentence, it is because I have met no responsible Frenchman who does not admit that the question of Reparations once settled, evacuation must follow.

There remains the question of a common policy in regard to Russia. England, France, Germany, Poland, and Italy, acting in unison, could frame a policy with that sheer simplicity which in itself is strength. After seven years' education at Geneva it should not be beyond the statesmen of those countries to achieve unity in accomplishing an object of vital concern to all of them and impossible of realization by any other means.

The common object of the rest of Europe in regard to Russia is easy to define. It is twofold—to stop her export of political poison; to recreate her trade and develop her natural resources. Although Germany would, perhaps, derive the largest share of advantage from its realization, it has been her dream not only to secure ultimately the whole, but, in addition, other political and military advantages which threaten the peace of Europe. And, I repeat, it is Germany's attitude alone which indefinitely postpones the restoration of Russia to her natural place in the economy of Europe. There is no question of territorial aggrandisement at the expense of Russia. It was Mussolini, I think, who said that Italy must expand or explode. This may become true of Germany. But surplus population ceases to be surplus when it is employed. German and English workers would rather find work at home than emigrate. The vast agricultural and other natural resources of

Russia could pay with their produce for the labour of a great number of industrial workers in Germany. And in so doing they would provide Germany with an ample margin of foreign exchange to meet the maximum of her liability for Reparations.

Until the Russian market is wide open, Europe is lopsided—highly industrialized countries behind high tariff walls without adequate outlets for their production. Russia alone can restore the balance. How can it be recovered? In other days it would have been by force of arms. Today we can employ even more effectively the economic weapon. It is computed that the total Russian debt, comprising loans from her allies during the war, Government, Municipal, and Railway bonds held outside Russia, and in respect of properties stolen from individuals and companies of other nationalities, is not less than £3,000,000,000. Will the creditors for that stupendous sum tamely submit to its total loss, notwithstanding the undoubted fact that payment of at least a substantial part of it could as easily be made by Russia as payment of her Reparations debt by Germany? The statesmanship of Europe must, indeed, be stricken with a palsy if it tolerates such a colossal fraud.

In France, where the bulk of the Russian Government bonds is held, the Soviet thieves have always dangled promises of payment before the defrauded investors like carrots to lure a donkey a little farther along the road to new loans. French statesmen, either because in some cases they notoriously have Bolshevik sympathies, or for quite other reasons of policy, have not hitherto enlightened the deluded bondholders as to the truth, which is, simply, that they will never recover one centime from the Soviet swindlers except at the price of incurring greater losses by fresh loans. Under present conditions, indeed, they cannot pay, and they would not if they could.

When, at last, that fact is clear, and if, at the same time, agreement between the Powers permits of a common policy, the exodus of commissars and their retinues would begin, for their days would be numbered. The creditors they have defrauded, speaking with one voice, would demand a settlement. Empty excuses and evasions would be swiftly followed by an intimation that while the associated nations would welcome the export from

Russia of her produce, it would be admitted only subject to a tax similar to that imposed upon Germany prior to the Dawes Plan, to be applied toward payment of her debts. Germany paid 26 per cent. Given solidarity amongst the Powers of Europe, Russia would have no choice but to submit. The tax of, say, 20 or 25 per cent. could be paid for a while, but there would soon be a desperate shortage of cash for the Red Army, propaganda, subsidies to foreign strikers, and other more personal luxuries dear to the hearts of the new aristocracy of Russia. The crazy system of State monopoly would collapse. The need for capital and normal methods of trading could no longer be denied. Capital and technical help would be amply and quickly available, subject to the inevitable condition which alone can restore Russia to health and prosperity—control. There is no lack of historical precedent for such treatment of a bankrupt and incompetent nation. In the past it was successfully applied to Turkey and Egypt. Since the war the League of Nations has resuscitated Austria by means of loans with a considerable measure of control. The liquidation of the Dawes Plan in Germany should, in fact, be followed by the establishment of a Dawes Plan in Russia.

The formulation and execution of such a policy would require statesmanship of longer vision and stronger grasp of realities than is now in fashion. It would need in the first instance absolute accord between England and France. That achieved, the moral support of America could not well be withheld. German concurrence may not be easily won but Germany would stand to gain so much that opposition should be confined to her extreme nationalist elements and eventually overcome. Pro-Bolshevik influences have so far succeeded in protecting the Soviet despots from the Nemesis which must one day overtake them. Any other policy toward Russia would have to meet the violent and perhaps successful antagonism of these mysterious world-wide influences. They would not less frantically resist an inexorable demand that Russia should pay her debts, but there would be no escape. And the payment of Russian debts would be but a small part of the gain to Europe of re-opening Russian trade and removing the most threatening dangers to European peace.

House of Lords Reform

By the Right Hon. Lord Raglan

THE problem of House of Lords reform involves two connected but not inseparable questions: the question of increasing its powers, and the question of altering its composition. The first question is clearly the more important, as until it has been decided what the duties of the House ought to be it is impossible to say whether the present House is or is not the proper body to perform those duties.

There is a general feeling among the Conservative elements in the country that the powers left to the House by the Parliament Act are insufficient to enable it to prevent a small temporary majority in the House of Commons from making revolutionary and irrevocable changes in the constitution of the country. There is, on the other hand, a strong feeling against giving the Upper House, whatever its composition, such powers as would enable it not only to thwart the will of the people as repeatedly expressed at the polls, but, by repeatedly rejecting the measures of the Government, to bring the whole administration of the country to a standstill.

Those who have not studied the question in all its aspects are apt to believe that there is a wide distinction between these two alternatives, but the more deeply the question is studied, the more difficult is it found to draw any distinction whatever.

The most difficult problem is connected with finance. On the one hand it may be said that to allow the House of Lords to reject or amend the Finance Bill would strike at the fundamental privilege of the House of Commons to be the sole authority in questions of taxation, and would render impossible the position of any Government which had not a majority in the House of Lords. There is no doubt, on the other hand, that the Finance Bill might be used as a means of introducing the most revolutionary changes. It might be possible, for example, to abolish

the monarchy merely by omitting from the Budget all provision for its maintenance.

Considering the difficulties of the problem, it is not surprising that the suggestions of the Government for dealing with it are not of a far-reaching character. They propose to substitute for the Speaker as the authority who decides whether a Bill is or is not a Money Bill a committee of both Houses. That a single member of one House should have autocratic powers over the other is clearly indefensible, but the questions to be decided are, or should be, purely questions of law, and it would seem that a body of judges, such as the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, would be better qualified to decide them than a committee of party politicians.

The second proposal is that in future there shall be no change in the powers or constitution of the House of Lords until the people have been consulted by a general election. There are two serious objections to this. The first is that general elections are very unpopular in the country, and any measure calculated to make them more frequent is strongly to be deprecated. The second is that there is at every general election a multiplicity of issues before the electorate, and that such a question as the Speaker's veto could ever be made the major issue is inconceivable.

The referendum, a system which has been tried with success in Switzerland, has been suggested as a means of settling differences between the two Houses, but the proposal has met with little favour in the House of Commons. Members are perhaps suspicious that the House of Lords may be really the more representative House of the two. The fact is that since the House of Commons became a body of professional politicians it has ceased to represent the country, for just as in matters of religion a clergyman cannot represent laymen, and as in matters of education a schoolmaster cannot represent scholars, so in political matters the professional politician cannot represent the ordinary citizen. The House of Lords, on the other hand, though it cannot claim to represent the whole body of citizens, does undoubtedly represent large and important sections.

And now let us consider the suggestions put forward

by the Government for altering the composition of the House.

It is proposed that the House shall consist partly of peers elected by their fellow peers and partly of persons nominated by the Crown. It seems to be assumed that there would be no difficulty about the first proceeding, but as a fact it would be very difficult to arrange for.

The great majority of the peers are Conservatives, and what would no doubt happen is that the Conservative Party headquarters would prepare and circulate a list of candidates, and those on that list would be elected. They might be gracious enough to include the leaders of the minority parties, but those parties could not be expected to acquiesce in such an arrangement. If it were decided that minorities were to be entitled to representation, further difficulties would arise. It would be open to any three or four peers who failed to find their names on the official lists of candidates to say: "We are the Blankshire Association of Independent Peers, and claim representation as such." It may be said that these troubles do not happen in Scotland. No; because there the number of eligible peers barely exceeds the number of seats. Complaint is made at the smallness of the attendance at the House. This it is proposed to remedy by preventing many of those who now attend from attending in future!

Now, as to the members to be nominated by the Crown, which means, of course, the Prime Minister of the day; it would be open to a Prime Minister who wished to discredit the House to fill it with irresponsible and disorderly persons, who would reduce its proceedings to a farce. It is difficult to imagine that a House consisting chiefly or largely of persons nominated *en bloc* by a single individual could in any case attain to the prestige of the present House, which, as things are now, has often to live down its new members; but, supposing that the Prime Minister really does his best, whom is he going to appoint? If the nominated members are to increase both the prestige and the efficiency of the House, as the sponsors of the scheme profess to believe that they will, they must be men whose names command respect; they must live in or near London; they must have a certain amount of leisure;

and last, but not least, they must take an active interest in politics and in the details of legislation. It would be useless to appoint distinguished scientists or distinguished soldiers, as experience shows that such persons seldom attend the House. There is already a sufficiency of distinguished lawyers, so that the field of choice would appear to be limited to ex-M.P.'s, retired civil servants, and City magnates. It is very doubtful whether a sufficient number of suitable persons of these types could be found to do what many peers do from a sense of duty, that is to say, adapt themselves to that which is neither an occupation nor a career, but merely a series of irregular and inconvenient meetings.

I should like to enlarge somewhat on this last point, as the desultory manner in which the business of the House is conducted is chiefly, if not entirely, responsible for the comparatively small attendance of peers. The House normally meets on three days a week at 4.15 p.m., and the average length of a sitting is about two hours. The great majority of peers live out of London. If a peer who lives four hours or more from London wishes to attend a week's sittings, he has to spend four days in London or in the train, and is actually in the House for only about six hours. If he wishes to take part in the discussion of a controversial Bill, he must come up at least three and perhaps four or five times at intervals of about a week, and he cannot be sure when the next stage will be taken till perhaps the day before. Divisions are often poorly attended because they take place at an unexpectedly late hour, when most of the peers have left to keep appointments or catch trains. At other times the proceedings suddenly collapse. I remember seeing the late Lord Salisbury, when Prime Minister, enter the House about 4.30 p.m., just as the adjournment was moved. He laughed heartily, but if he had come down from Scotland with the idea of putting in some attendances, he would not have found it so amusing.

If the House were to meet on the first Tuesday in each month, sit for eight hours a day until all the business had been got through, and then adjourn until the next month, there would, I am sure, be no reason for complaining of the small attendance.

Whatever changes may be made in the composition of the House, there seems to be no immediate prospect of the abolition of the hereditary principle, and I shall conclude by mentioning two proposals for excluding peers who are a discredit to their order, and whose membership of the House lowers its prestige in the eyes of the country.

One is that no peer shall take his seat until he has proved his fitness by occupying one of a number of specified positions. The objections to this are that such a rule is bound to be arbitrary; that success in one walk of life does not necessarily lead to success in another; and that many of those who are now valuable members of the House would probably have been excluded.

The other suggestion is that the House should elect from among its members a committee of censors, who should have power to exclude from the House peers of inferior mentality or low moral character. I endeavoured to consider this seriously until there arose in my mind imaginary pictures of the committee peeping into the refreshment room to see whether Lord X was going to have another glass of port, and anxiously inquiring whether the lady with Lord Y was really his wife.

An Unholy Alliance

Bolshevism and Uplift

By J. O. P. Bland

AMONGST the many curiosities and contradictions of present-day world politics there are few more remarkable than the evidence of fellowship and co-operation which has been manifested of recent years between Bolshevism and the exponents of sentimental idealism and "uplift" in the United States. It would seem at first sight an inexplicable paradox that any important section of the only great nation which has stood firm, on moral grounds, in its refusal to recognize the Government of the Soviets, should extend a large measure of sympathy and support to Bolshevik intrigues and propaganda in other parts of the world. Yet, as I propose to show, it is a demonstrable fact, worthy of much more attention than it has hitherto received, that a highly influential body of public opinion in America, represented by a large number of church societies and organizations for the promotion of peace and social reform, is inspired, formed, and guided to the base uses of Bolshevism, by a closely-interlocked system of directorates, through which Communist propaganda is continually spread by agents of Red proclivities, many of whom act in regular communication with, and even under the direct orders of, Moscow. The machinery of this highly-organized and indefatigable propaganda is so ingenious and audacious that, while deploring its results, one is compelled to admire the intelligence which directs it.

The Bolshevik's method of procedure, like the wasp's, is to make his way to the heart of his objective by attacking it at the weakest spot. Thus, in England, his activities have been chiefly directed towards fomenting disorder and creating discontent by boring within through the trade unions and the revolutionary elements in the body politic. But recognizing the fact that the Federation of Labour in the United States represents an industrial

population definitely opposed to the doctrines of Marxian Communism, the directing minds of the Third International have concentrated their energies on the creation of a body of public opinion favourable to their purposes amongst the religious, educational, and "uplifting" societies throughout the country. Their insidious approach has been steadily made upon the common ground of pacifism; by this means, and by a system of interlocking directorates they have succeeded in establishing their influence (often, no doubt, unsuspected) in the inner counsels of such bodies as the Federal Council of Churches of Christ, the International Society of Christian Endeavour, the Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., the American Civil Liberties Union, the League for Industrial Democracy, the Council for the Protection of Foreign-born Workers, and other similar organizations. The Federal Council of Churches alone claims to influence a membership of 20,000,000 citizens. The League for Industrial Democracy reports that last year it organized meetings all over the States, and boasts that "it has fought American Imperialism in China and elsewhere." Several of this League's directors are also members of the National Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union, an organization which manifests distinct Communist tendencies and which has co-operated closely with the Federal Council of Churches in the "hands off China" campaign, and in sympathizing with the anti-foreign policy of the Cantonese-Bolshevik faction. The result of the interlocking system of directorates and close co-operation between these various religious and semi-political uplift societies is, that a comparatively small number of persons (a few hundreds at most) have it in their power to control and shape a vast body of public opinion which, in its turn, exercises an enormous influence on the nation's domestic and foreign politics.

Nowhere have the results of this influence been more conspicuously demonstrated than in China. Here, indeed, the amazing paradox which it produces has been displayed in the clearest light, in that the central directorates of powerful American churches and educational societies have openly extended their sympathy and moral support to a Chinese revolutionary movement, organized and financed by the agents of that Soviet Government with

which Washington will have nothing to do. Even more remarkable has been the effect of Bolshevik and Chinese nationalist propaganda, thus supported, upon the American Press. Its result has been a widespread conspiracy of silence, an organized suppression of the truth about China, in itself sufficiently significant of the powerful influence wielded by those who thus control and colour public opinion at its sources. Lest it be thought that this statement is the outcome of insular prejudice, let me cite the opinions of certain reputable and indignant Americans on the spot.

Writing to the *North China Daily News* in April last, when the Government at Washington had notified the Powers of its unwillingness to co-operate in exacting reparations for the Nanking outrages, Mr. Rodney Gilbert, a highly respected and competent observer, reported that "American officialdom in China had been abominably treated by the Washington Administration. Consular and diplomatic reports have furnished more than enough material to shape public opinion, if the Government cared to face conditions honestly by giving out the information at its disposal. Instead of which, the Administration suppresses facts, denies knowledge of them in public utterances, and smugly pretends to follow public opinion in its policy."

In the course of an address delivered (chiefly to missionaries) at Tsingtao this summer, Mr. Frederick Moore, correspondent of the *New York Times*, said :

> It was the custom in Mission circles in America a quarter of a century ago to depict the Chinese as benighted heathen, whom it was the duty of the Christian to enlighten. But the Mission Boards have been influencing the missionaries to tell a different tale, to "save face" for China, and they have been doing so at the cost of veracity—not all missionaries, by all means, thank God, but the active, vociferous elements among them. The missionaries and their boards, as a group, lost their balance particularly over the Nationalist movement . . . The missionaries who appealed for American friendship for the Nationalist cause, making light of the part which the Bolsheviks were playing in the organization, influenced our Government's attitude.

Another American contributor to the *North-China Herald* observed that "in America the deliberate, misleading of the public had been nothing short of iniquitous. . . . Efforts that have been made by reputable bodies of

Americans in China to get the truth over to the people of America have been suppressed."

And here, lastly, is an instructive extract from a statement recently published by the Rev. Edgar Strother, general secretary of the China Christian Endeavour Union—a statement which exposed him to severe criticism and rebuke from several Mission Boards in America and which led certain belligerent Chinese politicians, thus encouraged, to agitate for his dismissal from China :

> It is amazing, he wrote, to those of us who are familiar with the situation here in China to see how thoroughly the American public has been deceived as to the real facts. It is certainly evident that the Bolsheviks, with the effective aid of the so-called National Christian Council, have very nearly succeeded in pulling the wool over the eyes of the Americans. Evidence of this Red propaganda in the United States is now abundant. For example, in an interview on his way from America, in Tokyo, the Editor of the *Peking Leader*, Mr. Grover Clark, tells of his strenuous campaign of lectures in the principal cities of the United States for the Foreign Policy Association and of his testimony before the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate in Washington, in which he urged the revision of the unequal Treaties, etc. Mr. Clark asserts that no political party will dare to put a plank for a strong China policy in its platform for the 1928 campaign, because the public is almost unanimously against such a plank. It is very interesting to learn that in the raid of the Soviet premises in Peking, receipts for several hundred dollars a month were discovered, signed by Grover Clark, and it is said that one of these receipts bears the inquiry in Mr. Clark's handwriting "What about the $10,000 ?"

Turning now from the Mission Boards and their affiliated "uplifting" societies in God's Own Country, let us glance briefly at the pro-Bolshevik activities of a semi-political, semi-missionary society which has become notorious in China—the same National Christian Council to which the Rev. Strother refers. The membership of this Council consists of English and American missionaries, either self-elected or appointed by their Home Boards, and of an equal number of Chinese, all alike distinguished rather for their chauvinistic political activities than for earnest labour in the missionary field. The opinions and proceedings of the Council have been repeatedly challenged and repudiated by English and American missionaries on the spot, but without effect. A fair idea of the spirit which moves it may be gathered from the following passages of a letter addressed to the

North China Herald by an American missionary on October 8 :

I have just received, he writes, the September Bulletin of the National Christian Council. You will remember, sir, that this is the same sheet that in the summer of 1925 published an article by one of the Council, in which Lenin and Sun-Yat-Sen were favourably compared with Christ in the most craven fashion.

The present number has something in it that will rouse the wrath of all honest men. It begins on page 11 and is headed "Greetings ! World Alliance Resolution on China agreed to by the Management Committee of the Alliance for Promoting International Friendship through the Churches at its meeting in Constance on July 29, 1927." Then this "Greetings" goes on to say in part : "We desire to thank the Council for sending Dr. Lew as their representative to the meeting. We desire to express to the Chinese Council our deep and sincere sympathy for their present struggle for . . . freedom from external interference and domination. . . . We confess with shame and sorrow that the intercourse of Western nations with China has been so frequently and so largely characterized by violence and disregard of right and justice, that many in China have not unnaturally come to associate the very name of Christianity with foreign aggression, exploitation, and injustice."

One need hardly look further for the main cause of the violently anti-foreign spirit displayed by the student class in China and for the unloosing of the hostile forces which now threaten to destroy, amongst other good and beneficial things, the whole structure of missionary work in that unfortunate country.

Another interesting organization which is largely to blame for the extravagant demands and irreconcilable attitude of the student body in China is the " Institute of Pacific Relations," of Honolulu, a society of self-elected busybodies and " uplifters," founded a few years ago by Mr. Fletcher Brockman of the Central Committee of the American Y.M.C.A. A conference of this Institute, held last July in Honolulu, was attended by Mr. Henry Hodgkin, secretary of the National Christian Council of China, and by his two Chinese co-secretaries, all of whom have displayed a very mischievous activity in support of the Bolshevik-Nationalist campaign for the immediate abolition of the Treaties. It would appear that Mr. Hodgkin and his British co-delegate, Sir Frederick White, were selected for this mission by another self-constituted organization, the "British Institute of International Affairs," a society whose membership seems to be

dominated by political highbrows of the peculiar type which delights in asserting its moral superiority by assuming that its own country is invariably in the wrong and by giving encouragement to its enemies and detractors. Some indication of the nature of the Honolulu symposium's attitude and objects may be surmised from the fact that Mr. Malcolm Macdonald acted as secretary to the British "delegates," and furthermore, that Sir Frederick White went out of his way at Shanghai to deliver an address to a large audience of Chinese at the Union Club, in which he waxed eloquent in a glowing eulogy of Ghandi and his ideals of Indian nationalism, and, incidentally, testified to his admiration for the patriotic aspirations and energy which had enabled the Cantonese nationalist movement to make its way from Canton to the Yangtsze—a noteworthy instance of misguided sentiment and untimely indiscretion.

If I have referred to this latest and most characteristic manifestation of the irresponsible "uplift" activities in the Far East, which are playing directly into the hands of the Soviet, and at the same time doing infinite harm to China, it is in order that the reader may perceive that America has no monopoly of the class of pacifists and political faddists which has done so much to mislead public opinion and has achieved such remarkable influence in official circles. While we have in this country nothing to compare with the wholesale manufacture of a standardized, misdirected public opinion, such as that produced by the religious and uplifting societies in America, we have with us, nevertheless, a number of bodies, such as the Independent Labour Party, and the Union of Democratic Control, in which and through which, the amateur Red intellectual and the political agitator may display their opinions and activities on a fairly wide scale. The reception accorded by the Twenty-First National Peace Congress, at Manchester, a few days ago to the cynical proposal of the Soviets' delegates, at Geneva, for immediate and universal disarmament, affords once more proof of the fact that Bolshevism makes strange bedfellows, and that the followers of Lenin, Ghandi, Sun-Yat-Sen, and other fanatical foes of the British Empire, need never despair of receiving encouragement and sustenance in our midst.

Gas Warfare

By André Michelin

(Head of the French tyre industry and one of the pioneers of aviation)

DURING the period which followed the conclusion of the Peace Treaty, everyone, especially in France, both civilians and soldiers, deliberately kept out of mind thoughts about the use of gas for war purposes. Were not the decisions of the Versailles Treaty and those of the League of Nations reinforced by Article V of the Treaty concluded at Washington on February 6, 1922?

Since then ideas have evolved perceptibly. Nowadays, the situation is such that in the preface of an excellent treatise entitled "Chemical Warfare," by Lt.-Col. D. P. Block (from which I shall proceed to take many valuable extracts), General Weygand remarks:

> In Germany, in the United States, and also in England they are openly preparing themselves for chemical warfare.

He adds:

> In France, from a general point of view, we do not know much about the question at all and, furthermore, we do not dare discuss gases and their dangers from a sort of false sense of shame.

Not only does the Press, he says, avoid the subject, but little more information is to be found in purely military publications, with the result that, even in military circles, many people have been induced to disregard the importance of the chemical arm and to attribute to it, as its sole claim to novelty, the considerable results it achieved during the war.

Now this is a serious state of affairs, because chemical warfare will always expose us to a danger of capital importance, namely, technical surprise, brought about by the discovery of a new gas, against which the gas mask in actual use at the time will afford no adequate protection.

The only way to be able in the shortest time possible to prepare for a surprise of this nature and also to counter-

attack an enemy who may be despicable enough to open hostilities in this manner, would be to study beforehand every branch of chemical warfare.

But how can it be possible to obtain such results when even in circles which ought to be, *ipso facto*, most intimately in touch with the question, many people are quite indifferent to the subject and continue to remain totally uninformed of its increasing importance?

It is useless to complain about things that cannot possibly be prevented. But one would be deeply culpable if one did not do all in one's power to visualize the danger and take steps to minimize it.

. . . . . .

As far back in history as the French Revolution, Lazare Carnot, "l'Organisateur de la Victoire," said:

> Chemistry is one of the sciences which ought to be of the greatest assistance to the country in its defence.

One hundred and twenty years later the war of 1914–18 showed in the clearest and most enlightening way how true this prediction was.

There is no doubt that but for the tremendous weapon placed in the hands of the German general staff by their chemists the war would not have lasted a year. But, in spite of a particularly rigorous blockade, the high standard of chemistry among the Germans made it possible for them to manufacture gunpowder, H.E., detonators, and all, or nearly all, the raw materials which Germany needed such as sulphuric and nitric acids, benzol, gas oils, alcohol, and even synthetic substitutes for bread, meat, eggs, forage, vegetable oils, oleaginous seeds, cotton, etc.

In other words, chemistry permitted the Germans to maintain a war for four years, though engaged against eleven allied nations. Above all, it was due to the use of this new arm, gas, that Germany was able to withstand the pressure for such an extended period.

The introduction of gas in warfare is a new departure in itself and a new event of very high importance. In fact, while H.E. shells are barely efficient in the immediate area of their point of impact, and merely during the short time of their explosion, the efficiency of gas shells lasts

during a much longer period of time, and the danger zone is much more extensive.

The clouds and fumes which proceed from these gases remain dangerous in gullies and ravines. Gas creates an atmospheric condition that renders the occupation of ground a very strenuous and nerve-racking operation for the defenders. With regard to time, gas shells are especially efficient. The most persistent gas actually known, i.e. mustard gas or "yperite" (a caustic compound which burns not only the mucous membranes, but also the skin) retains its noxious effects for days.

While trench lines with dug-outs give permanent and comparatively complete shelter against ordinary shells, they are practically useless against gas.

Mustard gas creeps along the ground and, being heavier than air, finds its way into every hollow, sticks to the ground of every trench, gradually contaminating the defenders, and makes it very hard for them to maintain their position.

Previously, under the old methods, tons of H.E. were necessary for the assault of those same trenches.

Another noticeable result of the action of gas is to bring about a very rapid loss in personnel. Let us consider the following figures:

On a single day, August 20, 1917, at Verdun, we had to evacuate 4,436 men gassed by mustard gas; on September 1, 1,350; on September 24, 4,134.

It is well understood that all those gassed were not mortally wounded, and the percentage of the actual dead was very low, viz. 102, or 2 per cent.

But the desired loss of man-power was, nevertheless, obtained, for the complete recovery to health of men who have been gassed is a very long affair. Clearly gas is a very powerful weapon; but it really only becomes of the highest and most decisive importance when it comes as a technical surprise, that is to say, when one of the opponents uses a new chemical product against which the other is not protected.

General Weygand continues:

The discovery of a *new* gas would bring the armed forces and even the whole nation which might be caught napping into the same dramatic situation which our soldiers had to face in April 1915, when,

without any gas masks or other means of protection, they had to face the first gas attack. Everyone who lived through those difficult hours knows that there is no more appalling situation than to be incapacitated in this way.

Before 1914 the French High Command had purposely abstained from even envisaging the use of a weapon which was prohibited by international agreements, but after the first gas attack on April 22, 1915, General Foch wrote to the French G.H.Q. as follows:

> The breaking of the enemy's front will remain doubtful as long as we do not use, for the next offensive, new methods such as gas, capable of being spread over several lines of defence and thereby making shelters and dug-outs untenable.

In October 1916 the general officer responsible for the artillery of the Verdun army, when referring to the battle from the 20th to 25th, remarked:

> During the preliminary bombardment none of the batteries counter-attacked by gas-shells was able to fire so long as we bombarded them with gas-shells. It was only two or three hours after that a few of them resumed firing.

The use of gas in war is an important new event as it makes possible the neutralization of an opponent, even if he is entrenched, by the means of a comparatively short fire preparation and at a cost of ammunition which is far lower than when complete destruction is aimed at by the old methods. On the other hand, statistics show that gases, whilst they disable a very high number of effectives and keep them for a long time out of action, cause far less deaths than ordinary H.E. shells.

An American doctor, Mr. Leo Lewis, asserts that mustard gas has killed only one man out of forty contaminated, while H.E. shells killed one out of three wounded.

In face of the deadly efficacy of this new arm, how can one believe that nations will agree to refrain from its use in the future?

In 1920 the Under-Secretary of State for War expressed, before the House of Commons, the view that it was worth while to go on studying all that concerns chemical warfare, as no nation had given it up; and if some of them even promised to do so, they could hardly be trusted.

He added that if the defensive part of such studies

was important, the offensive power of gas ought not to be neglected, as the manufacture of gas for attacking purposes could always proceed in peace time, and so be of decisive importance in the first days of a war.

The honorary secretary of the International Law Association of London also thinks that aerial gas warfare could not be suppressed by other means than the abolition of war itself, and that it is useless to discuss the legal aspect of such warfare.

In the United States the head of the committee for chemical warfare stated that chemical warfare would not be given up unless war itself were abolished, because warfare of the sort meant so much now that any nation which was capable of producing and using gas to the highest standard would overwhelm in a war every other nation in the world.

Now let us take Germany's views on the matter.

One of their recently published books says :

> It may be proved, almost beyond question, that every new weapon, coming forward and surpassing all those already in use, is first rejected as contrary to humane ideas, to be afterwards legitimized when successive improvements have been achieved.

In another work Doctor Haslian states :

> Gas will supply the most cultivated nations, technically and scientifically speaking, with an unbeatable weapon, and as such will confer on the nation that best understands its use a superiority over the whole world, even possibly the empire of the world.

Let us take due note of the fact that the latest German military regulations mention the use of war gas. Moreover, after some preliminary verbal precautions, they give very precise directions, not only for protection from gas, but also for attacking by this same means.

In the past, when firearms were first invented, they gave rise to loud protest.

Even more to the point is a "Histoire de la Civilisation Française," by Rambaud, vol. 1, ninth edition, p. 422 :

> Though bows and arrows are to be maintained for some more centuries, the foot soldier, in the twelfth century (i.e. round about 1100), is just beginning to be fitted out with crossbows, the string of which is straightened by a mechanism called *cranequin* (from the German *Kränchen* = little crane). This bow discharges both shorter and more deadly arrows, which are termed bolts or quarrels.

It is a terrible weapon which frightens even the bravest of the time, as it pierces through coats of mail and shields. The Lateran Council, in 1139, forbids its use against Christians, a decision which does not prevent crossbows from almost completely replacing plain bows in the fourteenth century.

Passing from the twelfth century to the twentieth, if we replace crossbows by mustard gas, the Lateran Council by the League of Nations, and the average Frenchman of the time of Louis VII by the Frenchman of today, once again it is seen that "history repeats itself."

If you agree to admit that, in 1139, a Council had far higher moral authority than the League of Nations has nowadays, what conclusion are you going to draw with regard to the efficiency of such vague prohibition about the use of gas as the latter most respectable authority may pronounce?

How do we stand with regard to this momentous and urgent question?

Following traditional lines, to begin with, once again a committee has been appointed which includes prominent scientists, physicians, and chemists from all countries. The outcome of their work was a long report presented in August 1924:

Finding, on the one hand, scientific applications in warfare to be every day more numerous and varied, observing, on the other, the real (indeed, deadly) danger of a nation going to sleep confidently over international agreements, only to wake up unprotected against a new weapon that has come forward, the committee considers it essential that the peoples should know what a terrible menace is thus hanging over them.

What if the League of Nations were nothing but an institution created for the purpose of finding well-paid jobs for the "hangers-on" of those who may happen to be in power in each of the many countries that compose the Council of the League? If it were not so, on hearing such impressive conclusions they ought to have said:

Now we have been appointed in order to organize perpetual peace; let us, in all haste, take steps to avoid such disaster.

So be it; but during August and September the banks of the Lake of Geneva are so lovely, the sunsets are so glorious, and the League of Nations, *la belle*

endormeuse, purely and simply sent the question back to another committee, "the committee preparatory to the congress of disarmament," and this latter has put a list of queries before a third committee, the sub-committee A for military, naval, and aerial warfare matters.

In October 1926 this sub-committee A submitted their report. Let us remember that the first report had appeared *in August* 1924. This is an instance of how the League of Nations actually works on a question of capital importance.

All the first part of this second report only confirms and often strengthens the statements of the first experts. In the second part the delegates of Belgium, Bulgaria, Finland, France, Poland, Rumania, Serbia, Tcheco-Slovakia express themselves as follows :

> Only immediate retaliation by chemical means could efficiently prevent a Government from being untrue to its pledges with regard to a prohibition of chemical warfare.
>
> The fear of undergoing such punishment would probably be enough to prevent a State from resorting to chemical warfare. The more powerful the retaliation, the more telling its effect. All States possessing national industries should therefore pledge themselves : (*a*) to assist any country that has suffered an attack by gas ; (*b*) to play their own part, so far as it is geographically possible, in the collective retaliation, using their chemical resources against the attacking State.

Against this view the following objections were raised by the delegates of the Argentine, Germany, Chili, England, Spain, Italy, the United States, Japan, and the Netherlands :

> We cannot join in a proposal to give punishment. In our judgment we are not competent to express an opinion in the matter, considering that strictly political considerations inspire such a proposal.

The delegate for the Netherlands added :

> We declare ourselves unable to accept in any case the view that chemical warfare should be resorted to as a punishment.

The German delegate added further :

> If it is desired that chemical warfare should be abolished, it is essential that every provision should be avoided that might even under the form of punishment render chemical warfare general, thus giving it the tacit sanction of international law.

To these political and obviously interested objections raised by their opponents, the delegates in favour of

retaliation as the only possible counteraction, those of Belgium, France, Poland, etc., replied:

> Considering how ineffective the preventive control of chemical preparation would be in most cases, as the said preparation might only be undertaken in an emergency, and considering that the same reasons would hardly make it possible either to restrain or suppress chemical armaments, the above-mentioned delegations, fully aware as they are, how difficult it would be to organize in practice collective retaliation, aware also of the many political or moral problems liable to be raised by collective retaliation, insist that, failing the said retaliation, which in their judgment would be decisive in its preventive effect, no technical means actually in existence can prevent chemical warfare.

Thus it is that in the League of Nations opinions differ. Let us notice by the way that the same nations which on the one hand feverishly urge gas war preparation oppose, on the other, the organization of retaliation.

Are we not thoroughly warned for the future? The Reich, first of all, is going to support and still intensify its propaganda for autonomy. Should this not suffice, can we not expect it to substitute other far more deadly gas for the moral gas of propaganda it is so liberal with?

We also know Germany to be supplying Russians with military and civilian aircraft, to be supporting their chemical industry, to be actually building a factory for suffocating gas south of Kharkov. Not only has Germany founded a school for Soviet airmen, and opened a course for aero-chemical preparation at Tachkent for the C.O. of the Avaikhim. She has also started at Lipetzk, close to Tambov, a school intended for her own officers, who, coming from Germany in civilian clothes, under borrowed names, are forbidden to come into contact with the civilian population, and using planes, fitted with 400 and 500 h.p. engines, are taught flying at high altitudes, machine-gun shooting, and bombing of all kinds (H.E., incendiary, or suffocating gas).

We, nevertheless, keep at the head of our military regulations these words:

> Respectful of international pledges to which France has bound herself, the French Government, at the beginning of any war, will endeavour to prevail on the enemy's Government not to use any gas. Should such pledge not be obtained, France reserves her right to act according to circumstances.

GAS WARFARE

I hope this declaration is only "camouflage," as nothing could be fraught with greater danger than to take our right to action, "according to circumstances," if the enemy is aware that we have no allies, and that he himself is not laid open to retaliation, both collective and immediate.

Picture the force of the blow and its details.

It is dark. The City (Paris or London) is awakened by engines roaring overhead in the sky; vapours, both suffocating and deleterious, gradually come down in a thick fog, but because of that mist the anti-aircraft artillery is paralysed (note that the camouflaging of an area of three square miles, during two hours, only requires seven tons of smoke-producing material); glaring flashes pierce through the misty night, the trails of the small incendiary shells that easily break through the thin roof of our buildings, falling through two ceilings, at least, and projecting huge flames in every direction.

Since a single plane is able to carry several hundreds of incendiary shells, it follows that only a few would be required to set a number of centres on fire.

The terror-stricken inhabitants rush down from the upper floors (which would have afforded almost complete protection from the gases) only to drop down suffocated on the street. There other huge planes are dropping enormous torpedoes: measure their efficiency by the fact that even mask protection could not prevent the people inside a building from being killed by a bomb, loaded with 1,000 pounds of phosgen, so great is the concentration. Were the same bomb to fall in a street, a cloud would be produced across it roughly 120 ft. high by 100 yds. long. Assuming the wind to be "favourable," this cloud would move along between the channel formed by the houses and would remain dangerous for both residents and passers-by for over two-thirds of a mile.

In the meantime other planes again are entrusted with throwing persistent products of the yperite sort, with the object of rendering uninhabitable the ministries, electric works, war and plane factories, and all the huge institutions the national defence requires, too many of which, unfortunately, cluster around the metropolis.

In the course of a few nights a large percentage of the population have been asphyxiated, and it would be too late to improvise any serious defensive scheme.

It may well be asked in dismay what can be done to meet such attacks.

First, and above all, immediate retaliation should be organized by as many Powers together as possible. Should such a scheme have to be given up—but what is impracticable where faith and will really combine?—there is nothing left for us but to prepare to meet alone an attack by surprise without any war declaration.

Let us next prepare for vigorous counter-action. With this in view caves should be dug out at once deep enough to hold our planes safely.

Meanwhile no planes should be built henceforth except entirely of metal, and so fit to remain unsheltered with impunity. Such planes could be left in the open, here and there, ready to go up.

Vast premises should also be put up, and a number of bomb- and gas-proof caves be dug for the civilian population to find shelter in. Masks should be procured in quantities for soldiers, women, children, and old people as well. Above all, let us work.

Let us do laboratory work to discover new gases, also factory work in order to manufacture and keep in stock all the raw materials needed to produce them.

What is essential to us, rather than just a hope, is that the Government should give us the certainty, first: that it will appeal, in clear, energetic and definite terms, to the country; secondly: that we shall be always ready to defend ourselves against, and even counter-attack, any hostile country, whichever it may be, that by way of introducing to us the joys of Bolshevism, or because of its need of expansion, or because of so-called revenge, takes us by surprise after developing every Machiavellian device of up-to-date camouflage.

As Marshal Lyautey has written:

The true secret of security lies in the discreet and timely show of such force as to render its use unnecessary.

Politics *versus* Natural Laws

By H. Merrall, M.B.

THE great religions teach obedience to certain Divine commandments which in the case of the Christian and Jewish faiths are believed to have been conveyed to the notice of mankind through the medium of words. These, however, are not the only injunctions man must observe.

The Creator imposed another set of commandments which every human being, be he believer, atheist, agnostic or Bolshevist, must obey, and obey without question, at the peril of his life. These latter commandments are called by philosophers, natural laws. They have been in existence since the time when the earth was detached, in the form of a white-hot cinder, from the sun. They govern the behaviour not only of all living things but also of all inanimate objects, and indeed of all matter.

For many centuries the existence of these various natural laws was not suspected, though some of them, as a result of bitter experience, came to be instinctively obeyed by man, and even by some of the higher animals. Many of them bear the name of their discoverer. But it needed not a Newton to evolve the existence of a law of gravitation, to tell man or even a mature animal that to jump or fall from a height meant certain death.

The disciples of Karl Marx and believers in Bolshevism regard Christianity as the chief obstacle to the spread of their propaganda, and vehemently deny that the Great Founder of that faith conveyed any Divine message. They deny the existence of God; but they are compelled to obey the so-called laws of Nature on peril of annihilation.

There are two other commandments which fall into the category of inviolable natural laws.* The first of these is that fighting is a necessary part of life on earth. Unless the defenders, placed in strategic positions in the animal body, are actively in operation against the foes which cannot be prevented from entering, death ensues. No virtue whatever, be it physical, mental, moral or even spiritual, can be acquired by man except by obedience to this law.

The second law insists on the performance of whole-

* "The Nation's Ills and Their Cure." John Heywood & Co. 2s. 6d.

hearted work as an inviolable condition of life and development. Disobedience is followed by loss of power, loss of function, even loss of organs, and ultimately, after a period of parasitic existence, by extinction.

How do these laws bear on a question suddenly looming above the horizon of English politics—the question of extending the franchise to all women above the age of twenty-one years?

Great essayists have pronounced that all democracies are foredoomed to failure because they cannot tolerate a strong executive for fear of the power escaping into other hands. The result is that they are at the mercy of every organized, violent anti-social faction. Already the British Constitution, till recently the finest of all time, has been so tinkered with that the people who impose the taxes in large measure do not pay them. Coincident with this sufficiently serious development has been the appearance and spread of three heresies which Prebendary Gough* has summed up as follows: (1) "That those who stand for what has hitherto been regarded as goodness and welfare—or Christian civilization—must not fight"; (2) "That physical suffering is the greatest evil"; (3) "That virtue (strength) must not be rewarded."

Prebendary Gough remarks that our Lord in his wilderness temptation did not accept compromise. He fought the Devil. Unless our women become Amazonian in character and perhaps physique, we can hardly expect them to vote in favour of a just, necessary or even defensive war and share in the horrors of martial conflict. Can we calmly contemplate such a possibility?

Our wonderful language, formed by the infusion of French into Anglo-Saxon, teems with words indicative of difficulties our nation has surmounted in the past and will inevitably have to face in the future. Such words as courage, bravery, valour, daring, gallantry, intrepidity, audacity, confidence, self-reliance, hardihood, fortitude, tenacity, chivalry, and hundreds of others connote qualities which in their primary sense were certainly not feminine. Do we confidently expect our women, when serious questions involving, perhaps, the choice between war or national degradation are presented for

* "The Saving of Democracy." *The National Review.*

decision, to display the qualities, essentially manly, which have served us so well in the past?

Questions, requiring for settlement all the courage and all the intelligence the nation can bring to bear, are soon to be presented. Is it wise, is it fair, is it chivalrous even, to ask our girls to help us in arriving at sound decisions?

Not alone is courage in the electorate of such urgent necessity, but also wisdom, and the capacity for making sound and, if the nation is to survive, patriotic decisions. But wisdom is only attained through learning and experience. The age of twenty-one years is much too low even for manhood suffrage. Our system of education does not instil the capacity for making wise decisions, and millions of electors have little means of obtaining a true insight into the burning questions of the day. No hardship would be incurred if no man received the franchise until twenty-five years of age. Far from seeking to extend the franchise, is it not obvious that only those electors who have a stake in the country, who are willing to do all in their power at times of difficulty to help their country, and who, if able, are also willing to fight for her if called upon, should be allowed the privilege of having a voice in determining her destiny?

Those who loudly deride patriotism, who refuse to fight when called upon, who openly declare that it does not matter whether we are ruled by a nation unfriendly to us or not, who refuse to stir a finger to help, should be disfranchised. Does any nation permit foreigners to have a voice in its affairs? These shirkers do not shake off their feet the dust of the country whose institutions they deride, which is the only honest course to pursue. They are infinitely more dangerous than the most hostile of foreigners. They exercise a most pernicious influence on the young. Will anyone explain how the country can be harmed by depriving them of their right to vote? Surely it is the nation's interests that are at stake. Are we afraid to stand up for the rights of our motherland? It is said that the Government is bound by a pledge to extend the franchise to all young women of twenty-one. If that be so, it is surely more than curious that not one in a hundred of the

electors of Britain ever heard of it. It is infinitely more true, if there can be grades of truth, that almost all, if not every single voter in the country, confidently expected a strong Conservative Government not only to restore the foundation of the Constitution by returning to the Upper Chamber of the Legislative the power of the veto, but to purge the voting lists of dangerous sedition-mongers and incendiaries. Mr. Baldwin was sent to Westminster to scotch Bolshevism.

The present Government has undoubtedly alienated the sympathies of many anxious citizens who supported its nominees at the last general election. Many had been detached from the Liberal Party, through their desire to secure, by the election of a strong Conservative Government, the final extinction of Bolshevism and organized sedition in the country. They have been bitterly disappointed, and in their anger may determine to support any rather than the constitutional party. They will forget the menacing circumstances. Mr. Lloyd George, with the help of his huge political fund, will nominate 500 Liberal candidates, and he may have the support of an influential section of the Press. Yet it is obvious that the Liberal Party cannot succeed in obtaining a majority. This manœuvre will, however, probably have the effect of splitting the Conservative vote, with the result that the Labour Party may succeed to office. If that Party, improving on the last occasion when it held office, also has a clear majority over both the older parties—a calamity all too possible—the worst may happen. It will then be in power as well as in office. Unless the present Government restores the veto of the Upper Chamber, there will be nothing to intervene between the country and the extreme probability of speedy ruin. The new Prime Minister would then be a man committed to extravagant and dangerous schemes of nationalization; a man who is reported to have joined in singing the Red Flag at a time of great national danger, and who may have as one of his lieutenants a person who has publicly said of the British Empire, "To Hell with such an Empire," and of Russia, "Thank God for Russia!" Thank God, for a country where admittedly over 3,000,000 people have been slaughtered

and the population has decreased in a few years by 40 millions!

It is easy to deride the suggestion of such terrible possibilities. But it is better to be warned in time. Loss of credit such as nationalization of the Bank of England would involve would destroy England's commerce. In the absence of money earned by profitable industries, wherewith to buy food, the whole nation would be brought face to face with starvation and would reach that situation at a far quicker rate than was the case in Russia.

Harassed manufacturers, in the presence of huge taxation and heavy rates, together with the payment of doles rendering labour difficult to get, seeing profitable business well-nigh impossible, are closing their factories. These influences will of necessity have a very weighty effect at the next general election. The enfranchisement of girls will ensure the defeat of the Conservative Party. Youth is apt to despise old and well-tried principles and to prefer a change. It is prone to consider any change one for the better.

If these considerations be true, the Government is in danger of being the chief instrument in a betrayal of world-wide effect.

To maintain his earthly existence and survive the trials, hardships, and conflicts necessary to the development of character and destiny, it is evident that man, through his fleshy envelope in common with all forms of matter, must obey the great laws of Nature. In trying to create an earthly Paradise he is in conflict with the law which says that fighting is part of his earthly life. May not this attempted evasion of natural laws, in preventing man individually from overcoming difficulties and dangers and so acquiring the virtues and character necessary to his well-being on earth, imperil his soul?

The decision of the Cabinet further to dilute the electorate is a victory of sentiment over reason. It has been well said by Maine that universal suffrage would have prohibited the spinning-jinny, the power-loom, the threshing machine, and the Gregorian calendar; and it would have brought back the Stuarts.

The Battle of Jutland—An Appeal

By Lord Sydenham of Combe

CONTROVERSY has gathered darkly over the causes of the failure of a greatly superior fleet to gain a decisive victory on May 31, 1916. Never has the Royal Navy fought in such preponderating numerical strength, and no British naval force which ever swept the sea was so superbly manned as the Grand Fleet in which all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, were animated by the single wish to rival the greatest achievements of their forefathers.

The Great War turned upon what sea power could accomplish, and our Navy has never shown greater efficiency in discharging duties of all kinds or more conspicuous gallantry and daring. There were episodes in many seas which have never been surpassed. The stirring feat of arms at Zeebrugge will stand out in our naval annals as a notable example alike of organization admirably conceived and of brilliant qualities in execution. One broad general lesson of the Great War is that the transformation of material and armament has added immensely to the potency of the naval arm, and enabled it to assert control over the waterways of the world in shorter time than was possible when the science of sailing reached its zenith, and that our officers proved well able to make use of the new powers which lay in their hands.

Great fleet actions have rarely occurred at the outset of war, and nearly two years elapsed before the expected clash in the North Sea. The accounts of the battle were marred by misconceptions from the start, when the first official report caused a wave of unjustified depression. The opposing fleets had met at last. The action was indecisive, and our losses were disproportionately severe; but the High Seas Fleet had been forced under cover of darkness to seek refuge in its ports. Only once again did that fleet emerge and a curious combination of circumstances prevented a second action. Thus the naval situation in the North Sea remained unchanged; but the stories of victory, to which the Kaiser gave currency, undoubtedly stimulated the will of the German people and incidentally lent authority to the representations of Von Tirpitz who was pressing

for the unrestricted use of his U-boats. As Admiral Scheer, the Commander-in-Chief of the High Seas Fleet, has pointed out:

> Free passage to the open sea had been gained for these [U-boats] in the naval action on May 31, for the English fleet stayed far north and did not dare to attack our coasts and stamp out the U-boat danger at its source.

The naval war, on the German side, therefore, entered on a new phase which brought us near to defeat and ultimately forced the Americans to abandon their neutrality with decisive results.

Meanwhile, complete misunderstanding of Admiral Scheer's tactics at Jutland prevailed in this country, and the first revelation of the fact that he had three times performed a manœuvre, diligently practised and stated by Lord Jellicoe more than two years later to have been impossible for the Grand Fleet,* was made public in 1920 by Captain T. G. Frothingham, the author of the American "Naval History," in an illuminating monograph.† It followed that all the track charts of the battle were for some years inaccurate, and the first official report drawn up by Rear-Admiral Harper threw no clear light on the movements of the Germans. For this reason doubtless, that report was withheld by the Admiralty; but, as the Jutland controversy had unhappily taken personal forms, it was assumed to contain partisan views, and the Press demanded publication. A fresh study of the whole question was undertaken at the Admiralty, and a new set of charts, corresponding to the fresh information available from German and other sources, was prepared, with an official narrative‡ which is unlikely to require any material alteration.

The Harper Report, which was published this year, proved to be out of date and disappointed expectations; but it drew from Admiral Scheer a personal statement of great significance.§ "The Report," he wrote,

> the publication of which had aroused such great expectations of important revelations, particularly in view of the fact that the British Admiralty had refused to release it for more than two and a half years, must, I fear, have proved a great delusion. It appears to me to be

* "The Grand Fleet, 1914–1916."

† "A True Account of the Battle of Jutland."

‡ In the House of Lords I pressed three times for this important information which was at length given to the public in 1925.

§ *Fortnightly Review*," October 1927.

rather a contribution to the controversy between Admirals Jellicoe and Beatty.

Admiral Scheer naturally claims that "British criticism" has had the effect of discounting all ideas of a victory at Jutland, and he adds that

> Zealous efforts were and are still being made to establish the tactical errors made by individual commanders, or to put the blame on the imperfection or inadequacy of this or that type of battleship construction.

Some of Admiral Scheer's views are open to criticism; but this is unfortunately true, and it is wholly unjust to the distinguished officers concerned. There were palpable defects in naval construction, and if, in the battle-cruiser action, Admiral Beatty had not lost two capital ships from this cause, while inflicting no corresponding loss on Vice-Admiral Hipper's command, much might have happened differently. There was also palpable weakness in the organization of signalling for war, while Lord Jellicoe has explained that, for this and other reasons, the Grand Fleet was disqualified from night fighting* by want of training.

The determining cause of the tragedy of Jutland was, however, of a wholly different order, as Admiral Scheer is well aware. As he wrote,

> At the outset of war the Admiralty had decided to adopt the strategic defensive, inasmuch as it hoped to achieve its goal by the operation of the principle of the fleet in being.

The British Commander-in-Chief, therefore,

> stood face to face with a task which diverged from his general strategic duty. The strategic defensive demanded reserve and repression so that the striking power of the Grand Fleet might not be diminished, and the sacrificing of ships was therefore to be avoided.

The Germans have always sought to understand the psychology of their opponents, and there can be little doubt that Admiral Scheer, realizing the obsession of the "strategic defensive" and "fleet in being" school, which had captured the Admiralty many years before the war, regulated his tactics accordingly with marked success.

The failure to win a decisive victory was far-reaching and terribly disadvantageous to the Allies, whom it

* "The German organization for night is very good. Their system of recognition signals is excellent. Ours is practically *nil*. Their search-lights are superior to ours, and they use them with great effect. Finally, their method of firing at night gives excellent results."—(Admiral Sir J. Jellicoe's Report.)

brought within measurable distance of defeat. As Admiral Scheer pertinently states:

> The destruction of the German Fleet would have proved an enormous success for England, for it would have made impossible the carrying out of the U-boat war, the damaging effects of which England had already begun to experience. . . . For the submarine fleet, deprived of its support in capital ships, would soon have been blocked in.

It would require a volume to trace the origins and growth of the strategic defensive school of thought, which I was able to watch at some periods. The main aberrations were of two kinds. In the first place there was a tendency to exalt material and to develop megalomania in building construction which induced neglect of the higher branches of the art of naval war and lent undue authority to the specialist. As I wrote more than thirty-five years ago,

> In an age which has seen a leap in advance in all that relates to invention, the expert acquires inevitable importance. . . . It results, especially in a long peace, that the clever electrician or mechanic may secure distinction unattainable by a study of tactics or of organization.*

This tendency naturally grew with the far greater material advance in the present century. Writing less than a year before the outbreak of the Great War, I returned to this theme:

> Another lesson, enforced by the unbroken experience of naval war, and worthy to be regarded as an inevitable law, is that victories can only be won by the offensive—strategic and tactical—and that defensive ideals are futile and dangerous. . . . Our system of training is producing specialists of all kinds, but it does not lead the best brains of our young officers to the study of such matters as are dealt with in these articles.†

Megalomania of the "material school" led to the construction of the first *Dreadnought*, to which I was strongly opposed; and with this aberration, as it seemed to me, was bound up the idea of "fighting safe" which inspired the Brialmont and older systems of fortification. This idea appeared in Lord Fisher's suggested battle-cruiser tactics—to select and engage at ranges at which they were unlikely to be hit. It also crops out in his quizzical letter to Von Tirpitz beginning "Dear Old Tirps":

> You're the one German who understands war! Kill your enemy without being killed yourself.‡

* *The Times*, September 24, 1892. This article was warmly approved by Sir R. Vesey Hamilton, an ex-First Sea Lord.

† *The Times*, October 15, 1913. One of a series of three articles on "Warship Design."

‡ "Memories," by Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher.

In the second place, there had been treatises of an academic character, inspired by German studies of military strategy, in which much was said about using fleets in being to lie across the communications of an enemy as if this was a primary objective of naval forces. The general result was to depreciate the importance of the sea-battle and to suggest that our aims might be attained without fighting. This was all diametrically opposed to the teaching of such great captains as Drake, Hawke and Nelson, who perfectly understood that to destroy or capture the armed ships of an enemy, wherever they could be reached, must be the predominant naval aim. These obscurantist efforts were not without effect in many quarters, and it came to be believed that, though a naval action might be necessary in the last resort, it could be avoided without grave disadvantage.

Thus arose the dangerously false, if attractive, idea, of the "strategic defensive" to which Admiral Scheer pointedly refers. This idea had subjugated Mr. Churchill who, shortly after the Battle of Jutland, asked this naïve question:

> What harm does it do us if the German fleet takes a promenade at sea?

And he argued that "there was no strategic cause" impelling us to fight off the Danish coast, and that we never ought to fight at all unless "the most conservative calculations of strength" gave us "the consciousness of overwhelming superiority." His verdict on the indecisive action of Jutland, from which the High Seas Fleet escaped with far less losses than it inflicted, was, therefore, that

> Naval history records no prouder assertion of fighting superiority on the part of the stronger fleet.

Admiral Sir John Jellicoe's long and lucid description of his battle plans*—formally approved by the Admiralty—was perfectly sound and logical from the point of view of the strategic defensive school:

> The Germans have shown that they rely to a very great extent on submarines, mines, and torpedoes, and there can be no doubt whatever that they will endeavour to make the fullest use of these

* October 30, 1914.

weapons in a fleet action especially since they possess an actual superiority over us in these particular directions.*

For these and other reasons,

my object will be to fight the fleet action in the northern part of the North Sea.

If this plan had been strictly adhered to, there might have been no fleet action, as it is most unlikely that the far inferior German Fleet would have chosen to fight where our forces were concentrated. As a tactical axiom, Admiral Jellicoe laid down at the same time that:

If, for instance, the enemy battle fleet were to turn away from an advancing fleet, I should assume that the intention was to lead us over mines and submarines and should decline to be so drawn.

This, again, was in full harmony with the prevailing theories; but it did not provide for the case of an enemy fleet turning away because he was impelled by greatly superior force to do so, and moving into waters where it was impossible for traps to have been laid in advance. This happened twice at the Battle of Jutland when Admiral Scheer turned his whole fleet "together" in retreat at about 6 p.m. and again at 7.17 p.m., after which the Grand Fleet lost contact, and the fleet action was over.† Between these times he had, at 6.55 p.m., turned as if to attack the Grand Fleet. Thus the most powerful battle fleet that ever existed or is likely to exist was never really engaged and was almost unscathed.‡

When sighting the Spanish Fleet on the morning of February 14, 1797, Sir John Jervis was heard to say that

a victory is very essential to England at this moment.

He then proceeded with fifteen ships of the line to engage twenty-seven, and Nelson seized an opportunity to show naval genius of the highest order. The conditions differed widely on May 31, 1916; but again a victory was "very essential to England," which was rendered

* If this was so in October 1914, our deficiency must be attributed to the dominant naval school. By May 1916 the Grand Fleet was not inferior to the High Sea Fleet in torpedo armament.

† Before the second turn Admiral Scheer was "heading straight into the centre of the arc formed by the British Fleet. In a few minutes the leading squadron and battle-cruisers would be threatened with the concentrated fire of practically the whole Grand Fleet."—(Admiralty official narrative.)

‡ Twenty-four post-Dreadnoughts (of which *Marlborough* had two killed and *Colossus* five wounded), exclusive of the Fifth Battle Squadron of four *Queen Elizabeths* which had been heavily engaged in the first part of the action.

impossible by the prevailing naval creed. Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, as Admiral Scheer shrewdly states, was confronted with a situation calling for a breach of his obligation to the Admiralty which "demanded reserve and repression," abhorrent to Sir John Jervis more than a century earlier, but officially approved by Mr. Churchill. The psychology of 1916 thus made the shattering victory, which we and our Allies sorely needed, impossible.

Most significantly, Mr. Churchill, in the fascinating two final volumes of "The World Crisis," abandoned his complacent view of the Battle of Jutland recorded at the time, and indulged in differential appreciations of the actions of the two principal commanders. This naturally had the effect of stimulating a controversy centring around personalities and wholly irrelevant to the main issues.

Can we not, with the full information now available, finally abandon all criticisms of this nature, which are unjust to individuals and fatal to sound judgments? The tragedy of the Battle of Jutland can plainly be traced to causes long antecedent. The German Fleet was better prepared for fighting than our own. The menace of the torpedo, which after all was capable of effective use in British hands, had been exaggerated.* Admiral Scheer thrice successfully performed a fleet manœuvre which we had come to regard as impracticable and which, being unexpected, proved baffling to the High Command. All these disabilities were directly or indirectly due to aberrations which I have tried to indicate. While giving full importance to material—which, notwithstanding the over-concentration upon it that caused me anxiety in 1892 and later, was shown to be defective in many respects—we must give the first place to the study of war. This some of our greatest naval authorities have consistently urged. If we cannot dispel the intellectual miasma arising in a long period of peace at sea, which led to a confusion of thought and false naval ideals, we shall some day experience a reverse far more damaging to the nation than the failure to reach a decision at the Battle of Jutland.

* "It is quite within the bounds of possibility that half our battle fleet might be disabled by under-water attack before the guns opened fire at all."—(Admiral Sir J. Jellicoe, October 30, 1914.) Yet, in the Battle of Jutland our under-water attack proved distinctly more effective than that of the Germans.

Notes from Paris

France and Italy.—The last weeks have produced a great and welcome improvement in the feeling between France and Italy, which had become uncomfortably strained since the signature of the treaty between France and Yugoslavia. Public opinion in Italy has become calmer, the Press has moderated the tone of its remarks about the French, and, better still, pourparlers at Geneva have apparently resulted in the two Governments agreeing to examine in a friendly spirit all their points of difference with a view to a settlement.

It is difficult to understand why they have not been able to reach this stage before. The fact remains that ever since Italy became Fascist her relations with France have been soured by mutual suspicion and irritation. This seems curious if one considers that Signor Mussolini himself is a great admirer of France, and that M. Briand is the great modern exponent of peace-making. The French friends of Italy, who are mostly to be found in Catholic and Royalist circles, lay the blame for it on the influence of the Masonic Lodges in France, whose antipathy to Fascismo is reflected, they say, in the policy of the Quai d'Orsay. To judge by the articles in the Fascist Press this has certainly been the impression in Italy, at least during the reign of the Cartellist Governments in France. M. René Besnard, the Radical politician whom M. Herriot sent as French Ambassador to Rome, was certainly not the man to dissipate this idea, but with a professional diplomat in the person of M. de Beaumarchais representing France in Rome there should be no moral obstacle to agreement, and recent acts of policy on the part of the French Government, such as the suppression of the chief anti-Fascist newspaper in France and the statute guaranteed to Italian immigrants in French territory, ought to leave no doubt in Italy this time of French goodwill.

Italy's Claims.—M. de Beaumarchais has obviously been selected for the post in Rome partly on account of his experience in African questions; he was formerly head of the African Department at the Quai d'Orsay and helped to negotiate the Tangier Statute. A share for Italy in the administration of Tangier, equal rights with the French for Italian settlers in Tunis, the rectification of the frontier between Tunis and Tripoli, and a free hand for Italy in Abyssinia are believed to figure prominently in the list of points which the Quirinal wishes to discuss.

These are matters on which the French can afford to make concessions; a more difficult point is Italy's claim to a free hand in the Balkans. That is a demand which France cannot accept. If it is not dropped it will inevitably leave suspicion alive between the two countries. It can only be dropped if real confidence is established.

M. Poincaré's Progress.—M. Poincaré has got the Budget through the Chamber in what must be record time. His success in imposing his will on the deputies shows that his influence in the country is stronger than ever. It can fairly be compared with that of M. Clemenceau at the end of the war. The parallel between the two men, one of whom brought his country through the crisis of demoralization during the war, while the second surmounted a similar crisis in peace time, is beginning to be striking. There is a curious tendency just now among some Socialist-Radicals to claim M. Poincaré as a man of the Left. He himself would be ready to admit the soft impeachment, but it is not long since the Cartel invariably classed him as the worst sort of reactionary. This change is the best possible proof of his popularity.

Is France Behind the Times?—M. Lucien Romier, who since leaving the editor's chair of the *Figaro* owing to a difference of opinion with the proprietor, M. Coty, has been travelling in America, has now returned to Paris and has placed his talented pen at the disposal of the *Petit Parisien*. In a recent article he asks: "Are we backward as a nation?" and answers that the French have fallen behind other peoples in the last fifty years owing to their excessive preoccupation with politics.

This verdict hardly does justice to the remarkable modernization of the French outlook and their progress in industrial and commercial organization during the last ten years. The latter is primarily due to the tasks which the French had to face during the war in creating a native supply of war-material, and after the war in reconstructing their ruined departments. During the war they received the assistance of British and American business men and engineers in organizing their munition factories for large-scale production. They became acquainted with methods of work and machinery hitherto unknown to them. This experience was put to good use when it came to recreating the mining and textile industries of Northern France, and it has now penetrated all branches of French manufacturing and production. By

the acquisition of the highly-developed industries of Alsace and Lorraine, France stepped into the front rank of industrial powers, and her people have proved themselves thoroughly equal to the position.

This change from being a preponderantly agricultural country has probably been the prime cause of the new French outlook on life. The fact that every Frenchman was forced to travel during the war, and saw his own country, if not foreign lands as well, may also have something to do with it. Certain it is that the Frenchman has more in common with the rest of the world than before the war. He is ready to study other peoples and learn from them. A striking example of this is the official adoption of competitive sports in the army (the officers at St. Cyr were recently *ordered* to play games with the cadets), and in architecture, decoration, literature, foreign influences are showing themselves to quite a novel extent. Never before has so much been written in France about other countries. The old "insular" type of French bourgeois, entirely satisfied with himself and his own way of life, is becoming quite out of date.

The Comédie Française.—The crisis through which the Comédie Française passes annually seems to become more acute every year. Its constant cause is the composition of the strictly limited body of *sociétaires*, or partners in the company, actors or actresses who are entitled to a share in the profits. The question which of the *pensionnaires* (or mere members) shall be admitted to this august company is only surpassed in delicacy by that of the retirement of some respected senior who is beginning to be due for superannuation. This year there were no fewer than three young actresses of talent threatening to resign from the company if they were not promoted *sociétaires*, and no vacancies for them to fill. The truth is that the prestige of belonging to the Comédie Française is beginning to count less and less against the attraction of taking leading rôles in private theatres and against the money that is to be earned in acting for the films. There have been numerous examples of well-known artistes who have left the Théâtre Français for the *boulevard* stage; the best known is that of Sarah Bernhardt, and the most recent, that of Mme. Huguette Duflos. The temptations of greater publicity and bigger money now threaten to drain the State Theatre regularly of some of its best forces.

Trade Union Officialism as a Career

By W. F. Watson

It was recently announced in the Press that the delegates to the annual meeting of the Railway Clerks' Union had decided to raise the salary of the general secretary, Mr. A. G. Walkden, to £1,000 per annum. Nearly twenty pounds a week is not a bad salary when one remembers that, in pre-war days, a trade union general secretary was considered fortunate if he received five pounds a week including expenses. Indeed, one of the most noticeable features of modern trade-unionism is that officialism has risen from a poorly-paid and somewhat precarious occupation to a well-paid, secure profession.

The growth of full-time officialism is comparatively modern, and its origin will be found in the centralization of the trade unions following upon the centralization of industry. Before the dawn of the great industrial revolution of a little over a century ago, trade unions, as we know them today, were practically unheard of. Industry was domesticated. Spinning and weaving were carried on in the homes of the people, the produce being taken to the market-place and sold direct to the consumer or dealer. Other craftsmen also worked at home, and seldom were they either employers—other than of apprentices, who were usually treated as one of the family—or employees of a master other than the actual consumer. Masons, carpenters, and other building-trade workers travelled from town to town—hence the origin of the term "journeymen"—hiring themselves to the owner of the house to be repaired or built.

Under such circumstances trade unions were not necessary. There were the gilds, of course, but they were mainly organizations of master-craftsmen and journeymen, and their functions were limited to maintaining the quality of the work. Evidence is not wanting that organizations of workmen similar to the trade

unions of today also existed, particularly amongst building-trade operatives, but such organizations as did exist were ephemeral in character, owing to the fact that apprentices and journeymen were often able to become small *entrepreneurs*. Mr. Sidney Webb tells us in his "History of Trade Unionism," that the apprentice of that period had two ambitions in life. When he had mastered the intricacies of his craft, he could go to an adjacent village—even in the same township—and open up in business for himself, taking and teaching apprentices just as his master did, or, if his master had an eligible daughter, the apprentice might marry her and thus acquire the business. One sometimes feels disposed to sigh for those halcyon days when craftsman and *entrepreneur* combined, not to fight each other or someone else, but to maintain the standard of work.

The cotton industry was, perhaps, the first to centralize. Even before the advent of machinery, loom shops in which several journeymen were employed were not uncommon. Then came the inventions of Lewis Paul and John Wyatt, who originated the principle of spinning by means of rollers; of James Hargreaves, Samuel Crompton, Richard Arkwright, Thomas Highs, John Kay, and others, which so revolutionized the manufacture of cotton, that domestic industry was superseded, and the workers were driven into the factories. The advent of machinery caused other industries to centralize, and, as a result, the workers began to organize into unions in order to maintain and improve working conditions. At the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries unions sprang up everywhere.

These early unions were parochial in character and mainly restricted to a given craft. The membership was relatively small, the officers were ordinary workmen following their trade, and full-time officialism was unknown. Attempts were frequently made to form one big union to embrace all workers, notably in 1832, when Robert Owen established the Grand National Consolidated Trade Union, but the economic development of the people was not sufficiently advanced for the success of such ambitious ventures, and they failed. What was required was something that would change the character of

industry from local to national, and that something was provided by George Stevenson and other pioneers when steam was applied to locomotion.

The transportation of the raw material and the finished article was immeasurably facilitated, and a demand was created for iron, steel, and other engineering products. Railways sprang up everywhere, and industry was securely placed on a national basis. It marked the inauguration of the iron and steel age. Above all, the application of steam to locomotion made labour itself more mobile, and workmen were more easily able to travel about the country. Centralization in manufacture became more and more imperative, small workshops gave place to big factories, and the possibilities of the ordinary workman becoming an employer became remote indeed. The small parochial craft unions, which by this time had become numerous, were totally inadequate to cope with the changed conditions. Members travelling the country lost touch with their local union, and many of them were absorbed in the new national unions which began to spring up.

The national organizations rapidly increased in membership and, as they extended their ramifications throughout the country, the extra secretarial work entailed became more than a man could manage in his leisure hours. Consequently it became imperative that the secretary should devote the whole of his time to his duties. But the executives continued to conduct the business in the evenings until the growth and centralization of the unions so increased the work that this was impossible. Instead of meeting one or two evenings a week, it became necessary to meet every night and through the week-end in order to keep abreast with the work. This was particularly so with the Amalgamated Society of Engineers; so, in 1892, in response to an extensive campaign, a full-time executive was established, thus marking the advent of officialism as a full-time occupation.

Before the war it was the proud boast of trade union officials that they were not in the movement for mercenary reasons—they were working for the good of the cause—and, indeed, there was no great financial advantage

in being a trade union officer. Up till about 1915 the salary of the average official approximated to the prevailing standard rate of the trade. At that time the engineers' rate was £2 os. 6d. a week, and the salary of the full-time officials in the Amalgamated Society of Engineers was £2 10s. a week, the general secretary receiving £2 15s., plus housing accommodation. Moreover, the social status of the official was much lower than it appears to be today. Imagine, twenty years ago, say, the general secretary of a union being an honoured guest at a ball given by a duchess. Or the secretary of the Miners' Federation playing golf with the Duke of York. Such things would then have been regarded as preposterous, yet they are of common occurrence today.

And in those days emoluments in the shape of enhanced committee and speaking fees, hotel and travelling expenses were not so abundant as they now appear to be. Despite the poorness of the pay, however, there was no scarcity of capable, sincere men willing to accept official position, and many of them afterwards secured lucrative Government berths.

The war undoubtedly brought unprecedented prosperity to the unions. The workers were earning big wages, unemployment was practically nil, union membership and funds began to swell enormously, and the salaries of the officials were generously increased. Expenses and fees for committee and council meetings and hotel expenses were lavishly bestowed and as freely accepted. This does not call for adverse criticism. If the members of a union are prosperous and the funds are high, then it is only right and proper that the officials should share in the prosperity. But the aftermath of the war changed the wonderful prosperity of the unions into acute depression. The wages of the workpeople have been reduced, union membership has alarmingly decreased, and, in most unions, the funds are depleted. The salaries of the officials have, however, continued to soar. Whereas the official was formerly content if he cleared five pounds a week, inclusive of expenses, he now requires, and often gets, from ten to twenty pounds a week plus fees, fares, and allowances.

Speakers were once satisfied if they got third-class rail fares, plus a small fee, and were "put up" by comrades, and quite a nominal fee was charged for committee and council meetings. Today many insist upon first-class rail fares, best hotel accommodation, and a substantial fee. The usual fee for attendance at committee or council meetings is one pound a day plus fare.

The average trade unionist knows little about official salaries, which is not altogether surprising. The published balance sheets of the unions do not itemize individual salaries; they are usually lumped together under the heading, "Officials' salaries and office staff." The writer once asked a prominent trade unionist what salary the general secretary received. He did not know for certain, but he thought it was £1,200 per annum. When the question was asked at a delegate meeting, the general secretary declined to give the required information, but he intimated his willingness to satisfy the questioner privately. O shades of democracy!

We have authentic information, however, that one well-known general secretary, and member of the General Council, T.U.C., asked his executive, just before the national strike of last year, to increase his salary from £750 to £1,000 a year. Despite the fact that the members are mostly casual workers with an average wage of £2 10s. a week, the request was granted. The termination of the strike found this union—in common with others—bankrupt, and the members are still paying heavy levies to replenish the coffers, but the general secretary's salary goes on. At least four others are known to be getting £1,000, and two receive £1,200 a year. Yes. It's a paying profession. Let us now turn to the perquisites—"perks," as they are familiarly termed.

Each member of the Trades Union Congress, General Council, including Miss Margaret Bondfield, is a full-time union official, and several are also M.P.'s. One pound a day plus fare is the fee paid when Council is in session, which is not infrequently, and the same remuneration is paid for attendance at meetings of the various committees appointed by the Council. Quite a respectable addition to a thousand a year. Even what are known as "part-time" executives manage to do fairly well out of

officialdom. Until recently the Workers' Union executive received £2 a day, plus fare, for attendance at executive meetings, with which, apparently, they were not at all satisfied. As the result of an inquiry instituted by the Triennial Conference of the union, it was revealed that many of them, including Mr. Neil Maclean, M.P., the notorious Clyde Socialist, had consistently charged £4 a day, plus fare. In 1924 the total payments to executive members were as follows:

J. Duff, £312, equal to £6 odd per week; H. A. Hind, £428, equal to £8 4s. 7d. per week; F. T. Hobbs, £342, equal to £6 7s. per week; W. F. Hobbs, £335, equal to £6 8s. per week; Neil Maclean, M.P., £368, equal to £7 1s. per week; C. Maher, £442, equal to £8 10s. per week; W. H. Smith, £300, equal to £6 per week; W. Wainwright, £326, equal to £6 odd per week.

It should be borne in mind that the above-mentioned were "part-time" officials engaged in some other occupation. Neil Maclean, M.P., attended six meetings in the course of eight days and charged £24. In one month Mr. Maclean drew no less than £52 for attendance at thirteen meetings. When one remembers that these payments come from the pockets of poorly-paid workers, one is filled with amazement. No wonder the investigation committee found that the "remuneration of the E.C. was largely in excess of anything which could be justified," that they "voted themselves on to various councils, which have tended to increase expenses," and that "the E.C. have misused the funds."

Delegation fees are a fruitful source of income. Be it a social function, an interview either with employers or officials of another union, or a propaganda meeting, delegation fees are charged. Indeed, one full-time executive council charged delegation fees for visiting the photographers at the request of the annual meeting in order to be photographed with the delegates!

"Expenses" is sometimes a synonym for "excesses." It is true that the officials of some unions, the Amalgamated Engineering Union, for instance, have to render accurate account of expenses incurred, which are carefully scrutinized, but it is not so in other cases. A friend of the writer, attending a conference of unions, happened

to be staying in the same hotel as an official of another organization. As they chatted together in the room of the latter, a bottle of fine old whisky was produced. The delegate expressed surprise that the official could afford such luxuries. "That's all right!" laughed the official, "it all goes down to 'expenses.'"

It is often said of officials that they accept monetary favours from the employers. The writer refuses to believe such accusations. On the whole, trade union officials are an honest body of men. It is not dishonesty which prompts them to draw heavy expenses; they quite honestly believe they are entitled to such perquisites.

Yes, trade union officialism pays. There are several persons whose total income from the union, from the Labour Party, and from the Trades Union Congress, plus Parliamentary salary, approaches £2,000 a year, and some get more. Mr. Will Thorne has been general secretary of his union since 1890, a member of the General Council thirty-three years, and M.P. since 1906. Mr. J. R. Clynes is president of his union, on the executive of the Labour Party, and has also been M.P. since 1906. Mr. J. H. Thomas receives £1,000 a year from the N.U.R., is on the executive of the Labour Party, and has been in Parliament since 1906. Messrs. C. Duncan, Ben Tillett, Harry Gosling, A. A. Purcell, J. Bromley, J. Compton, and Miss Margaret Bondfield are also M.P.'s. and trade union officials.

Trade union officialism has other financial advantages. Officials are in a position to get sound advice respecting safe investments, and as a result the bank balance has swollen. One is reputed to have netted a respectable fortune in this way. It is fairly well known that others have holdings in lucrative concerns. Some become employers. Mr. J. H. Hayes, M.P., secretary of the Police Union, is now in business as a boot and shoe manufacturer, in partnership with the Liberal member for Preston. Mr. J. H. Thomas is chairman of the Co-operative Building Society; Mr. John Hodge, late secretary of the Steel Smelters, is chairman of the Caledonian Press, Ltd.; and Mr. Robert Williams, late secretary of the Transport Workers' Federation, is manager of the *Daily Herald*. Free lance journalism provides extras

for many officials, as reference to the Press will show. A few years ago trouble accrued in a big union because the president was found to be receiving payment as Labour correspondent to a London evening journal.

Let it here be said that there can be no objection to any official augmenting his income in any legitimate fashion. The purpose of this article is not adversely to criticize such actions, but to show that officialism is a paying profession, and emphasize the fact that official position enables men so to augment income. The Rt. Hon. G. H. Tompkinson, M.P., general secretary of a big union, can command a much larger fee for his articles than plain John Smith, an ordinary member.

It is interesting to note that in 1899, when full-time officialism was in its infancy, Ruskin College was formed by Mr. Walter Vrooman, an American social reformer, who happened to be in England at the time, studying British Labour conditions. The main purpose of the college was, and still is, to train suitable young trade unionists to become officials, and the first Managing Council included the late James Keir Hardie, M.P., Mr. Alexander Wilkie, J.P. (general secretary of the Shipwrights' Union and member of the Parliamentary Committee, Trade Union Congress), Mr. James Macdonald (secretary, London Trades Council), and Mr. George Nicol Barnes (secretary, Amalgamated Society of Engineers). The Labour colleges and the Workers' Educational Association have similar objects; so the ambitious youth who chooses officialism as a career, may have ample opportunities for acquiring, at very little cost, a college education to fit him for official position. Others have recognized the advantages of officialism as a career. Not so long ago, a scholastic gentleman advertised the fact that he had purchased an old-established day college with the object of providing, at ten guineas per term, a first-class public school education for future potential Labour leaders. Many ex-college students, including Mr. A. J. Cook (secretary, Miners' Federation), Mr. Robert Young, M.P. (ex-general secretary, Amalgamated Society of Engineers), and Mr. Frank Hodges (ex-secretary, Miners' Federation) have secured well-paid jobs.

It is extremely doubtful whether large salaries produce

the best officials. On the contrary, big salaries are calculated to produce a type of man more concerned with securing a well-paid post than with looking after his members. In short, they produce the professional official, which cannot be good for any organization, since it necessarily leads to abuses. In order to secure office, aspirants resort to all kinds of subterfuges and trickery, and the holders of office use similar methods to keep their jobs.

It is only right to say that there are many officials who do not receive big salaries. The Amalgamated Engineering Union, for instance, pays its president, Mr. J. T. Brownlie, admittedly a very skilful negotiator, £450 a year, whilst the general secretary, Mr. A. H. Smethurst, also gets £450, plus housing accommodation. All other full-time officials receive £400 a year, which will be reduced by rule to £350 in July, 1928. When it is remembered that in 1925, the total income of the union totalled £1,270,752, of which £980,915 was paid in benefits, and that officials' salaries cost only £95,755, it must be admitted that the officials are by no means overpaid. In addition to the president and general secretary, the union also carries twenty-six district and three national organizers, three special auditors, six district secretaries, ten vacant bookkeepers, 1,600 branches, and big clerical staffs at headquarters and district offices. It will therefore be seen that management expenses are exceptionally low. Moreover, a very close check is kept on "expenses," so that no official can possibly overcharge on this item.

Nevertheless, it is a patent fact that trade union officialism has become an attractive and well-paid profession, and there has grown up in the movement a new class, neither employing nor working, who have made officialism their career.

Railway Rates: British and Foreign

By E. T. Good

LORD GAINFORD has recently made a striking assertion about the handicap of high railway rates on British industry, and in a special memorandum prepared for the League of Nations Economic Conference by the British Federation of Iron and Steel Manufacturers, it is stated that the lower railway rates of foreign countries constitute one of the factors against Great Britain in international competition. If any foreign capitalist had a thought about investing in British industry, he would surely be discouraged by the insistent parrot-cry that British railway rates are the highest in the world and cripple our industry. The fact is that, with the possible exception of tiny Belgium, a flat country in which railway construction has been extremely cheap, and where railway operations cost little, there is no important competitive country with such low railway charges as Great Britain.

Railway rates on coal for export and manufacturing purposes average 2s. 6d. a ton in Britain, 5s. in Germany, and 10s. in America. With steel it is much the same. Our rail charges on fuel, ore, pig-iron, steel and the products thereof, were lower than those of the United States, Germany and France before the war. Today they are very much lower, for the point-to-point railway charges in foreign countries have been raised very much more, and in some cases vastly more, than they have in our own.

We had it set out before the war, in a book on the "Iron Trade of Great Britain," by no less an authority than Mr. J. Stephen Jeans, an official of the British Iron Trades Association, that it cost more, even in Germany, to convey ore to fuel, or fuel to ore, and the finished goods from works to ports, than it did in Britain. It is true that our average ton-mile rates were the highest, but our hauls were the shortest (with the exception of those in Belgium), and so our point-to-point inland transport costs were the lowest, again with the single exception of those of Belgium. Before the war our average rates on heavy traffic were 0·9d. per ton-mile; those of Germany and France were 0·6d.; and those of

the United States were 0·4d. But, as Mr. Jeans pointed out, whereas our average haul was only 30 miles for mineral and metal traffic, the average was 150 miles in Germany (he might have said 200 in France), and over 400 miles in America. That made the foreign charges far higher than ours. Incidentally, let it be observed that the rate per ton-mile cannot be low, if and when the haul is short. A wagon travelling a very short distance here has to be loaded and unloaded, weighed and booked, marshalled and shunted, much the same as the truck which does the long trip abroad. However, the big point is the total cost of transport, and in this respect British industry, or trade, has the advantage. Our people most certainly do not labour under a disadvantage in transport charges.

After the war British rail rates, under Government control, were advanced by 100 per cent. Since decontrol there have been reductions bringing the level down to 50 per cent. on pre-war rates, and a recent increase making the level 60 per cent. higher, mainly to offset the inflated wage and other costs imposed by the politicians. Now this 60 per cent. increase, on our short-distance traffic, does not mean so much as 20 per cent. increase in France or Germany would mean, and not so much as a 10 per cent. increase in America. For example, taking point-to-point charges, pre-war, as 5s. in Britain, 10s. on the Continent, and 20s. in the United States, a 50 per cent. increase only brings the British cost up to 7s. 6d., but the Continental cost up to 15s., and the American cost up to 30s. By 1921, goods rates had increased in America by 50 per cent., in Germany by various percentages from 25 to 300 per cent.; in France by 140 per cent.; in Belgium by 100 per cent.; in Italy by from 40 to 100 per cent.; in Holland, a country not directly involved in the war, by 75 per cent.; in Portugal by 57 per cent.; in Sweden by 200 per cent.; and in Norway by 200 per cent. Since then there have been few reductions worth mention abroad but several increases, whilst in our case there has been a big reduction and a small advance.

Take Belgium, with the lowest pre-war charges. On top of the 100 per cent. increase recorded by our Board of Trade Report for 1921, there have been several

additional increases ranging from 10 to 25 per cent. In 1926 alone Belgian rail rates were increased by from 5 to 15 per cent. in June; by 10 per cent. in August; and by 25 per cent. in October, whilst in January this year there was another 10 per cent. advance. Since then there has been a 25 per cent. reduction. These advances, it is contended, do not amount to so much as the increase in the costs of railway materials and wages; but it may be noted that some of the recent advances have been made while the Belgian franc was appreciating. This also applies to French rates.

On top of the 140 per cent. increase in French rail rates made soon after the war, there have been several increases. The figures relating to steel-making materials and products are interesting, in view of what our Iron and Steel Federation says about the handicap of British rates. The French iron and steel manufacturers have suffered the following increases: On iron ore, between 1913 and 1924, 370 per cent.; by 1926, 497 per cent.; and this year there has been a 25 per cent. increase on top of that, so that the current rate must be more than 500 per cent. higher than pre-war. It has been shown that in mineral traffic for short distances rates and terminal costs combined have been increased by 1,080 per cent. since 1913. After making all due allowance for currency depreciation, this is formidable. The last two increases have been made while the currency was appreciating. It may be said that simply to assemble the materials to make a ton of pig-iron our French competitors pay as much as we pay to assemble all the materials and then carry the finished steel goods to a port.

German coalowners and iron and steel manufacturers have to pay rail rates for distances averaging 150 miles, against our 30 miles or less, yet their ton-mile rates are half as high as ours, meaning a far higher point-to-point charge. The German Iron Ore Syndicate shows that it is paying 65 per cent. more in rail rates than before the war, against a British increase of 60 per cent. reckoned on a much shorter average haul. The newest preferential German rail rates on products for export are 37 per cent. above pre-war, and for something like an average haul of

220 miles. This is a vastly greater increase than our 60 per cent. advance for something less than a 30 miles' average. Ordinary German rates are 40 to 193 per cent. higher than in 1913.

The difference between British and American rail rates on steel making materials and products is striking. When our rates were at the pinnacle, under the Government control and 100 per cent. advance, our leading steel manufacturers presented a carefully prepared set of figures. They took a ton of steel goods at a port. They reckoned every possible item of transport costs by rail in the ton of finished products—the cost not only of assembling the materials to make the pig-iron and then the steel, but also of carrying the fluxes, the refractories, even the fire-bricks used in the furnaces, and finally the rail rate to a port of shipment. The utmost they could make of it was 41s., and that was equal to only 15 per cent. of the f.o.b. price. At the same time the American *Iron Age* gave details showing that a ton of American steel at a port of shipment had 40 per cent. of its cost due to internal transport. It was demonstrated that merely to assemble the materials to make a ton of pig-iron in the United States cost 40s., and then to get the ton of finished steel to a port cost from another 28s. to 48s. a ton. Since then our rates have been reduced by nearly one-quarter, but American rates have not been reduced. Owing to differences in rail rates, or charges, a ton of British steel delivered in the West of Canada carries considerably less in transport costs, ship and rail combined, than a ton of United States steel has to bear to get to the same points. The American costs of assembling ore and fuel and lime at blast furnaces, carrying the pig-iron to the steel works, and then the steel to a seaport or the land boundary, are far more than the British costs of transport. All these figures can be verified in such journals as the British *Iron and Coal Trades Review*, the American *Iron Age*, the German coal and steel trade journals, and other publications of high standing; yet the misleading assertion that British trade suffers the highest rail charges in the world continues to be spread, as if it were beyond dispute. The real handicap on British trade is the cost of production, not the cost of transport.

A New French Interpretation of Disraeli*

By Professor Charles Sarolea

It is a strange fact that of all the manifestations of human fame, the least enduring is political fame, just as of all the forms of the literary art political oratory is the most ephemeral. Statesmen whose mere names once stirred the passions of men have become shadowy figures, and are now consigned to the limbo of oblivion. Speeches which once were listened to with rapt attention by audiences innumerable have become unreadable. Who today reads the life story of the first Earl Grey or even of the great Sir Robert Peel? Who reads the speeches of the "Grand Old Man"? You may buy at any book-stall for the sum of twopence a copy, with pages uncut, the famous Midlothian orations which fifty years ago shook the Empire to its foundations.

We are keenly interested in every detail of the biography of a great poet because his poetry is bound up with his inmost personality. But somehow we are rarely interested in the personality of the politician. Indeed, we have a shrewd notion that his "personality" is the least interesting thing about him. We are concerned not with what he *is*, but with what he *did*. And what he did seems to have no connection with his inner self. It is incorporated in Acts of Parliament and written on the Statute Book. Would anyone remember who was the creator of the London police, if etymological dictionaries did not inform us that the popular nickname of Bobby is derived from the Christian name of Sir Robert Peel? Who remembers the Tory statesman who originated the first and most important measures of social legislation?

To this startling paradox of the evanescent character of political reputations there is one solitary exception in the history of the nineteenth century. One statesman at least, Disraeli, seems to have risen steadily in popular

* "Disraeli." By André Maurois. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

estimation. The man who, in his lifetime and almost until the end of his career was denounced as a charlatan, who was distrusted by his own party, who was dubbed by Carlyle the Hebrew Conjurer, who was the butt of the most witty jokes and most malevolent caricatures of Leech and Tenniel in the columns of *Punch*, has become a legendary and almost mythical figure. Whilst the star of Gladstone has been long on the wane, the star of Beaconsfield shines with an ever-brighter and an almost dazzling light. Gladstone has ceased to be "the people's William," but Disraeli remains the "People's Dizzy." His very novels rank much higher in the opinion of literary critics than they did in his lifetime, although they were written with a definite practical purpose and although they deal with the circumstances of the passing day. A vast literature continues to accumulate on Disraeli, and we must assume that the supply corresponds with a continuous and growing demand on the part of an interested public. And that literature is generally of a high quality. Obviously the subject inspires the biographers. Indeed, amongst those multitudinous biographies of Disraeli, there is not one dull volume, from the earliest biography by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, by far the best piece of work done by the present Father of the House of Commons, down to the later volumes of George Brandes and Froude, the recent studies of Messrs. Whibley, Sichel, and E. T. Raymond, and the semi-official life, in six volumes, of Buckle and Monypenny, the most monumental and minute memorial ever devoted to a British statesman.

However strange the ever-growing popularity of Disraeli in this country may be, it is an even more remarkable fact that it should be almost equally great in continental countries. If we had any doubt as to Disraeli's European popularity, it would be dispelled by the triumphant success of the recent biography of André Maurois —an excellent English translation of which has recently been published. In a few months no less than 50,000 copies of the French edition have been sold. Nor will the book be less cordially welcomed in its English form than in the original. For we find in this new production of M. Maurois the rare qualities and the delicious literary

aroma which we have learned to appreciate in his study of Shelley. Some critics have described those qualities as being characteristically French. It happens, however, that in this particular instance M. Maurois has had before him an English model rather than any Gallic masterpiece. In a recent interview which appeared in the *Nouvelles Littéraires* of Paris, M. Maurois admits that he has closely followed the methods and the style of Mr. Strachey's "Queen Victoria," and he pays a glowing tribute to his English colleague. I have no doubt that Mr. Strachey would be willing to reciprocate the compliment. Indeed, he recognizes in his preface to "Eminent Victorians" that he himself has largely been inspired by French prototypes. We are presented here with a most interesting illustration of that subtle interchange of literary influences which for many centuries has been continually taking place between France and Great Britain. The political Entente Cordiale between the two countries may be less cordial today than it was ten years ago; but the intellectual entente, happily, is as intimate as ever. And in that close alliance between the two literatures, it is difficult to say which country has incurred the larger debt and which contribution has been the more valuable.

The Frenchman would not have been so successful in his task if he had not been in thorough sympathy with his hero. But the biography is not a mere panegyric, it is an objective psychological study. He might say, with Mr. Strachey in that preface of "Eminent Victorians" to which I referred: "Je n'impose rien, je ne propose rien, j'expose." The purpose of the book is primarily to make us understand the secret of the spell which Disraeli has cast on the modern student of politics, and to discover what are the essential traits of a complex character which baffled his contemporaries and which continues to perplex posterity. Following his footsteps, and in the light of his illuminating masterpiece, let us try to disengage and disentangle the component elements of an elusive and contradictory personality.

The first trait which strikes and fascinates us in Disraeli is a keen sense of adventure. Disraeli might almost be defined as the glorified "adventurer" in politics. I am using the word in its favourable connotation, even

as we speak of the Merchant Adventurers of the Elizabethan Age. From early youth, politics was conceived by Disraeli as an exciting game. And he loved the game not only for the prizes which it might bring, but for its risks and for its surprises. What a succession of incidents and vicissitudes! We see him as a wonder youugster of uncanny precocity, bursting on the London world at the age of twenty-one with the brilliant promise of his first novel, "Vivian Grey." We see him as the rival of Brummell, as a social lion and a dandy in the Bohemian circles of Count D'Orsay, of Lady Blessington, and Louis Bonaparte. We follow him on his Oriental journey in the track of Lord Byron. We follow him in his desperate and vain attempts to enter Parliament. We witness the elaboration of a new political programme, and the creation of a new Toryism, whilst he gradually attracts to himself a bodyguard of aristocratic followers. We follow him in his conspiracy against the most formidable statesman of his time. We see him slowly forcing his leadership on a reluctant party, and for twenty years maintaining a precarious position and persistently struggling against the suspicions of mediocrity until, after a long life of conflict, we reach the final apotheosis, when as an old man of seventy, shattered in health, Disraeli becomes at last the idol of the nation.

We may find, of course, an equally keen sense of adventure in other British or Continental statesmen of the past and of the present. We find it in Bolingbroke, whom from early youth Disraeli looked upon as his master. We find it in Louis Bonaparte, whom Disraeli used to meet in the drawing-room of Lady Blessington. But in the case of Beaconsfield, as in the case of Balzac, the spirit of adventure is combined with the spirit of poetry and romance and his poetry and romance are bound up with the political realities of his career. Indeed, the poetry is so inextricably bound with the reality, that it is often impossible to discriminate between the creations of his exuberant fancy and the commonplace facts of party politics. E. T. Raymond continually emphasizes this strange phenomenon which had already been noted by Brandes. If we want to get at the inner truth of Disraeli's mind, we shall find our most trustworthy

material and most valuable evidence not in the documents contained in the six portly volumes of Buckle, but in the twelve volumes of the novels. It is, indeed, an unexpected demonstration of the aphorism of old Aristotle that poetry and fiction are more fundamentally true than mere history.

The second characteristic trait of Disraeli is his chameleonic versatility and his inexhaustible vitality. He has the zest and the joy of life. He seems to lead a dozen lives and to play a dozen parts—in turn a dandy and a Bohemian, a traveller and a country gentleman, a poet and a novelist, a courtier and a politician. It is true that his constitution was never very strong, and that his highly-strung temperament was prematurely worn out by constant over-pressure and ceaseless excitement. But even when the infirmities of age begin to tell, his heart and his brain remain young. At seventy years of age, after he has lost the wife whom he adored and who had been the mainstay of his career, within a few months he falls desperately in love, and, what is even more strange, his feelings are distracted between two sisters. Having on his shoulders the responsibilities of an Empire, he finds time to write every day amatory epistles to the heroines of his affections.

Not less striking than his vitality is his aggressive disposition and his undaunted courage. He is a born fighter and he never waits till he is attacked; he always takes the offensive and always seeks out a foe worthy of his steel. Until the end he remains true to the character of his juvenile hero, Vivian Grey. He is conscious that nothing but the highest ambition will satisfy him, and he prophesies to Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Melbourne that one day he will be Prime Minister of England. He knows that to reach that goal his life must be one long succession of desperate struggles. He fights against O'Connell and against Peel. He fights against Lord Derby and Lord Robert Cecil. He fights against Gladstone and against Gortchakoff. It is highly characteristic of Disraeli that already, as a little boy in a private school, he learns to box, as a young lion in London society, he learns to fence, and as a political candidate, he learns the noble art of duelling.

Nor must we forget that in those perpetually recurring conflicts all the odds seem to be against him. His origin and his race make him an object of suspicion. He has constitutional defects of character which are particularly offensive to the aristocratic Englishman. He has no family connections. He has none of the advantages of a public school or a university training. He is not even financially independent and has a sublime disregard of money. Till late in life he is oppressed by a crushing burden of debt, and the future Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was to manage the finances of an Empire, like Pitt never learned to manage his own private finances. Long after he has become a Cabinet Minister he is still in the clutches of moneylenders, until his aristocrat friends come to the rescue. With all those disqualifications he has to impose himself on the proudest and most exclusive aristocracy of the world. He has to carry through the impossible task of rejuvenating an effete party which has an obsolete programme and has always played the political game according to time-honoured rules and conventions.

Such undaunted courage is all the more admirable when we recollect that for the greater part of his career ill-fortune, bitter humiliation, and ignominious defeat seem to dog his every step. He is beaten four times before he succeeds in entering Parliament. When at last he has forced an entry, he is confronted with irreconcilable enemies. When he delivers his maiden speech, he is howled down. When he tries to secure his admission into the ranks of the Conservative Party, all his advances are repelled, and he has to form a party of his own. When by dint of clever intrigue, by sheer persistence, and by the power of his genius he has compelled the Conservative Party to accept his leadership, he still remains an object of distrust. Again and again he magnanimously offers to withdraw in favour of his rivals. But notwithstanding his magnanimity and loyalty the suspicion persists long after he has led his undisciplined troops in the House of Commons. For many years his own chief, Lord Derby, fights shy of him. Even after he has become Prime Minister, Lord Robert Cecil continues to attack him both anonymously in the Press and publicly in the House of

Commons. And the attacks are so bitter and so persistent that in the very hour of triumph Disraeli intimates his intention to hand in his resignation and to retire into private life.

It is obvious that in so unequal a struggle victory would have been impossible if the indomitable will had not been assisted by all the gifts and resources of a brilliant, versatile and original brain. Compared with Disraeli, all his opponents, even Gladstone, appear dull and commonplace, conventional and parochial. As for many years Disraeli remains in a minority, he has to make up by the superiority of his tactics and strategy for the inferiority of numbers. He has to enlist in the service of his ambition all the arts and tricks of diplomacy. He has to enlist the power of the Press and of literature. To convert and to mould public opinion he has to create a new form of literary art, the political novel. Every one of his political novels, "Coningsby," "Sybil," and "Tancred," which follow in rapid succession, unfolds a constructive programme. The same weapons of fancy and imagination, of irony and sarcasm which he wields in his fiction he uses with consummate art in his Parliamentary speeches. Each one of those speeches rings like a challenge. Like the novel, they contain flashes of wit, illuminating epigrams, golden patches which force the attention and the reluctant assent of a hostile audience. Both in Disraeli's novels and in his speeches it may be said that the part is greater than the whole. No orator has coined so many telling phrases and has contributed so many immortal aphorisms to the currency of English literature. A collection of his innumerable witty sayings would constitute a most striking anthology and a treasury of political wisdom.

But even after we have analysed every trait of his bewildering personality, we shall not understand its contradictions and transformations unless we constantly remember that, above all, Disraeli remains the typical Jew. His adaptability and versatility, his Oriental exuberance of imagination, his egotism, his lack of tact and simplicity, the atmosphere of intrigue and mystery which surrounds him, his sphinxlike reticences, his tendency to explain every historical movement as the

result of secret societies, his love of the spectacular, his sensitiveness and his restlessness, his admiration for rank and wealth, his tendency towards cynicism, his opportunism are so many revelations of the qualities and the shortcomings of his race.

Most biographers have underrated the importance of the Jewish element. Disraeli himself certainly never did underrate it. He almost aggressively obtruded his origin on his opponents. He reminded them of it even when they were inclined to forget it. He was never apologetic. He was proud of his race. It is one of the most sympathetic traits of his character that he never deserted his people in their trials, even at the risk of incurring unpopularity. In early youth he visited all the sacred scenes of Jewish history. The best of his novels introduce some perfect Jewish character as the exponent of his highest ideals. He never ceases to emphasize the absurdity of the attitude of Christian nations in despising a people which still provides them with the foundations of their religion.

The glorification of Jewry runs like a thread and Leitmotiv throughout Disraeli's novels. His whole philosophy of human history, in fact, is coloured by his Jewish preconceptions. He insists that race in history is everything, and that the Jewish race in particular has produced the supermen of thought and action. And not only do his Jewish preconceptions determine his philosophy; they frequently influence and deflect his practical politics. Gladstone, who generally misunderstood Disraeli, was perfectly right when he explained Disraeli's Eastern policy in the light of his racial prejudices. It certainly explains his sympathy for the Mohammedans. It explains his intense interest in India. It explains even more his strange admiration for the unspeakable Turk as well as his constant hatred of Russia.

One is perhaps better able to realize the importance of the Jewish element in Disraeli's temperament and career if one compares him with another picturesque Jewish figure in recent European history—namely, Ferdinand Lassalle. Between the two men there are many striking analogies, although the one is a representative of the aristocratic Spanish Sephardim, whereas the other

is a representative of the despised Polish Ashkenazim. The creed of both is a mixture of Radicalism and Conservatism, of democracy and aristocracy. Both live in a world of romance. Both are prodigies of precocity. Both combine the life of the man of action and the man of letters. Both owe part of their success to the loyal support of women. Both impose their imperious will on followers who distrust them. Both rejuvenate a great political party. Both possess the aggressive temperament. The chequered career of Lassalle was abruptly ended by a duel. It was no fault of Disraeli that he did not meet with the same tragic fate. If O'Connell had accepted Disraeli's challenge and if the issue had been fatal, as it was for Lassalle, the whole course of recent English history might have been deflected.

When one considers the mainsprings of the character of Disraeli and that uncanny combination of contradictory gifts, one ceases to wonder at his amazing career. Instead of wondering that his life-long struggles should have culminated in his final triumph, we ought rather to be astonished that he so often and so narrowly escaped defeat and that his success should have come so late. The prize came within his grasp when he was no longer able to enjoy it. He was now a disillusioned old man. He had always sung the praises of youth. Again and again he tells us in his novels that all the big things in the world's history have been accomplished by young men. But, alas ! his youth had been wasted in a ceaseless and dreary struggle against mediocrity. In the hour of triumph, on a pinnacle of fame, he stands in solitary isolation, without a friend, living in the past rather than in the present. The morality play and the miracle play thus end on a note of tragedy. And the tragedy is all the more poignant when we consider that the political causes to which Disraeli had given his life were ultimately doomed to failure, and when we remember that the Treaty of Berlin, the supreme achievement of his statesmanship, was only the first act in an historical drama which was irresistibly and inexorably to lead up to the greatest catastrophe in European history.

Widow's Ground

By John Moore

> Wind and thistle for pipe and dancers,
> And never a ploughman under the sun,
> Never a ploughman, never a one.—BELLOC.

No record concerning Widow's Ground will be discovered in Domesday Book, for in those times it formed part of a virgin forest. Here the Conqueror took his pleasure in the chase and the ill-fated Rufus pursued the wild red deer. But though the woodland resounded with the cries of the huntsmen, the mortals were few indeed who set foot upon Widow's Ground. It lay in the centre of the forest, a very thicket of thickets, a rough tangle of brambles and thorns so knotted and intertwined that even the trees were smothered in their infancy and the bushes alone struggled and fought their way towards the sky. Dark streams wound devious courses unchecked beneath the mass and widened here and there into weedy pools, ink-black, and none could say how deep.

Even when the hatchet and saw of invading man gnawed through the forest, Widow's Ground was left untouched. England under Good Queen Bess cried for sturdy oak, of which to make ships fit for Drake to sail, but the woodlanders found no oak trees on Widow's Ground and passed on to seek elsewhere.

So it came about that the thorny thicket remained uncultivated long after the surrounding forest had given place to pastures and tilled fields. All the beasts of the woodland took refuge in it when their old haunts disappeared; the last specimens of each nearly-exterminated race crawled there to die.

Then one day some men hewed a pathway through the brambles and made rough bridges over the little streams. The sun's light fell upon water that bubbled up from subterranean springs—water that had never seen light before. Widow's Ground lost its wildness and something of its soul seemed to go as well.

Yet for many years the pathway was used but rarely; and then only in the daytime, and when hurried folk

took the short cut more from necessity than from desire. At night, men said, there were spirits abroad among the bushes; they sang in the babbling of the streamlets and moaned in the whistle of the wind among the twisted branches.

There came at last, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, one William Greenwood, who feared neither God nor evil spirits. The Manor Farm came into his hands in part-payment of a debt, and with it the marshy thicket, which he made haste to clear for cultivation.

For many months he worked with a will, hacking down the bushes and digging up the roots. Then he drained the water from some of the brooks and made a shallow drinking pool where the springs came to the surface. Lastly, he ploughed the ground and fallowed it for a season, while he planted a thick blackthorn hedge all round it.

He called it "the twenty-acre piece," and in the following spring he planted it with wheat. But even before the green blades had put in an appearance, weeds began to show themselves once more. The wheat grew slowly, and the weeds grew very fast; hoeing was of no avail, and when at last harvest-time came, the crop, such crop as there was, was practically worthless.

The field blazed gold with charlock, and blue with cornflower, and scarlet with poppies; here and there shepherd's purse held up ugly heads of seeds, vieing with clumps of couch grass for supremacy. Round the edges, thistles had come up in their thousands, and teasels stood up high against the blackthorn hedge; and in all this wilderness of tares, the wheat showed here and there, a few greenish-yellow heads nodding wearily as if the struggle with the wild things had proved too much for them.

Nothing daunted, Farmer Greenwood sharpened his scythe and harvested it all, using it as litter for his beasts. Again he ploughed the twenty acres and left it as fallow for two years; and this time, when the season came, he planted mangolds. But once more the weeds outraced the crop; a few sickly leaves and little tuberous roots were all the mangolds that the farmer found when he came to pull them. The charlock and the shepherd's purse had

won the second battle; the wind blew their seeds over all the field, and now a few thistles and teasels had ventured from the hedge, and stood amongst them.

It was about this time that the twenty-acre piece changed its name. William Greenwood called it "Widder's Ground," perhaps because of some suggestion of barrenness and sterility—for two years his crops had failed to bear fruit. Greenwood had married a widow and had no children—a matter of which he was inclined to make a personal grievance.

Barren enough was Widow's Ground from the farmer's point of view; but to the wild things it was a fruitful mother, prolific of weeds and grasses which provided cover from the prying eyes of men, bountiful with thistle-heads for the sparrows and goldfinches, and holding out still a remnant of that hospitality which it had offered them in the days when it was woodland.

It was as if the whole spirit of the forest had fled to Widow's Ground, that last patch of thicket to resist the invader; as if it remained there, a tremendously powerful Something congested in that small place, all the incalculable powers of Nature reduced to essence, a Spirit indomitable and unconquerable.

Widow's Ground was always beautiful. With all its untidiness, the unkempt appearance that so greatly troubled Farmer Greenwood, there was something indescribably attractive in the riotous growth of the weeds, the careless disorder of the nodding thistles, and the wild abandon of the tangled blackberries. One might think that the place belonged to Priapus—perhaps it was the most sacred garden of the garden-god, his very holy of holies—so persistently did the wild things grow and propagate, so vigorously did they struggle towards that end.

And what a place for lovers! To these alone of mortals did Widow's Ground offer its hospitality. Or, perhaps, it transformed them, so that for a brief space they were no longer mortals, but creatures after its own heart. Often, in the summer nights, Farmer Greenwood, searching for a beast or sheep that had strayed, would flash his lamp on a couple seated behind a bush; and this happened so frequently that it seemed to him that there

must be something unholy about the place, and he would cross himself, muttering: "Widder's Ground, what is there about thee?" as if his practical mind had suddenly come face to face with the unfathomable.

William Greenwood was an old man now, and some years since he had given up the attempt to cultivate Widow's Ground, and had laid it down to pasture.

But the brambles had grown faster than he could root them up. He had turned sheep into the field, but the thorns would catch in their wool and would not let them go; and there had been queer, sudden epidemics of foot-rot and fluke. One day he had driven half a dozen cattle into the pasture—and when he went to fodder them next morning, had found one drowned in the drinking pool that he had deemed so safe. Apparently, it had slipped on the mossy stones that led down to the pond, and broken its leg so that it could not struggle up.

So the cattle were taken into an adjacent meadow, and the thorns on Widow's Ground were left once more to flourish of their own sweet will.

At the age of eighty Farmer Greenwood died, leaving the farm in the hands of a nephew who possessed all his uncle's fearlessness and none of his uncle's caution. He drank himself into debt before he was thirty, and chose the easiest way out. He achieved the apparently impossible by drowning himself in two feet of water in one of the Widow's Ground streams.

Then came a period in which Widow's Ground changed hands many times, and underwent many vicissitudes. John Sawyer took over the Manor Farm after the suicide of old Greenwood's nephew, and he sold Widow's Ground to the lord of the manor, who thought it might harbour some partridges. Then his lordship died, and his son, who inherited the estate, was a quiet, unassuming, young gentleman, who did not shoot, but amused himself by watching the wild things and taking notes of the birds and flowers he saw. Often he would sit for hours behind a bush on Widow's Ground, counting the different kinds of butterflies that fluttered past, and listening to the songs of the birds.

On his death, the estate was sold by auction—there

was no heir—and, finally, broken up into lots. Widow's Ground was sold with a small farm to an impecunious accountant who had lost all his money in rash speculations, and who, knowing nothing of farming, was firmly convinced that a fortune lay in "the land."

Four years sufficed to disillusion him, after which time he departed very quietly in the depth of one night, leaving behind him debts amounting to seven hundred pounds.

So Widow's Ground was sold once more—this time by a dozen angry creditors—and there came a succession of smallholders, tenants of a hard landlord who had bought the farm.

There was Wilkinson, who tried to cultivate it again, and found that it would not grow potatoes; George Smith, whose pigs did not thrive upon it; Sammy Hawker, who was fool enough to plant it with fruit trees; and little "Radishes" Taylor, who failed to make it into a glorified kitchen garden.

In their turn, Widow's Ground ruined them all.

Followed a time when no man tilled Widow's Ground; they were making better use of their spades and picks, digging trenches in Flanders' mud. Even the folk of the little country village knew that they stood on the edge of things. Widow's Ground was quiet in those days; the weeds grew unchecked and some of the shyer beasts came back for a spell, and lived there unmolested. Now and then, some father who was no longer a father would come there to weep silent man's tears, unseen, among the bushes; and one day, three old men hacked down the only tree, a tall ash that had grown up in the hedge, and took it away to make aeroplanes.

And now and then the lovers came still; but the men had changed their corduroy for khaki; and these couples made the most of their love, for their time was short indeed; often they wept much at parting.

Apart from these, none came near Widow's Ground, and the countryside was stiller than of old.

. . . . . .

Four years passed, and then the tillers of the ground came back again; the badgers fled from Widow's Ground, and the vixen that was already scratching in one of the

new earths under the blackberry bushes, suspended this operation, and trotted off to a safer place for the cubs that were on their way.

So once again Widow's Ground was deserted by the wild beasts which its spirit loved; the vixen bore her cubs in the Bow Wood earths, fully a mile away, and the badgers had lumbered off in the middle of one night—bound for some unknown destination.

The men that tilled Widow's Ground now were so accustomed to using the spade that the bushes were rooted up in less than a week. But when it was seed-time no one came near Widow's Ground with plough or drill. Instead, the pathway through it was widened into a road, and a notice was planted there, glaring white and black with very fresh paint:

BUILDING SITES
FOR
SALE.

. . . . . .

It has become fashionable to deplore the modern cult of jerry-built houses. But despite the fact that those that sprung up on Widow's Ground were erected in the shortest possible space of time, to meet an urgent demand, there was nothing flimsy about them. Architect, surveyor, and builder alike were justly proud of their handiwork. They were good, solid, red-brick villas, scarcely beautiful, but admirably suited for their purpose.

It was with a certain astonishment, therefore, that the district surveyor, called to the spot to answer a charge of dampness in a basement, discovered that the subterranean springs, of whose presence he had been ignorant, had bubbled up to the surface once again.

The houses are now condemned as untenantable, since the flooring is rotting rapidly and the walls exude a perpetual dampness.

Widow's Ground has won another round; and perhaps ere many years have passed the weeds shall spring up again among the ruins of the Council Houses; perhaps in time even the foxes will return there, and the thistles dance once more to the random piping of the wind.

Paying for Publication

By Callinus

I SUPPOSE that while life lasts certain people will never rest until they see their names in print, which means that a number will spend their years in hopelessly knocking at the doors of editors and publishers. For many may feel the call, but, alas for them, few of their manuscripts are chosen! But nothing will dissuade them. Kindly suggestions from those whose experience justifies their urging these desperate persons to devote their time to something else, blunt intimation from others that they have not yet mastered the art of either writing or conceiving an idea, appeals from still other experts to refrain from using up their free hours needed for more important matters, are all unavailing. Nothing shall dismay us, is the watchword of these foolish folk who feel they have an inspired message from somewhere. They may have. I have no right to deny them the unction of their literary "uplift." Unfortunately for them, and perhaps unfortunately for ourselves, their genius (*sic*) is so wrapt about in swaddling clothes that it never breathes. It stays locked within the chest of their discontent. One would suppose that after the moiling and the mawling of publishers and editors, the bursting optimism of their bedraggled brain would hold up a little in their pernicious intent to be published or die in the attempt. But no. There is no way by which they may come to the valley of their defeat. The world is foolish. They are living in advance of their fellow-men. We, poor souls, are generations behind them in the vast assembly of their own intellectual discernment. That mental conclusion is a glorious reward, ever persistent in its portrayal of faith so admirably dangled by their inner self before their spiritual eyes.

This itch to write is something that amazes one in its diabolical persistence. Come rack, come rope, there is no earthly ointment that will allay it. The more the sufferer scratches, the more he itches. One hardly likes

to say it of women. That would seem indelicate. But they are the greater portion of the sufferers. How does this itch arise? One hears of schools of medicine researching for the cause of this and that disease. Of the late Mr. Carnegie's vast wealth, or of Mr. Rockefeller's Foundation, great sums are earmarked for the pursuit of some germ that is ill-treating men. But no one ever thinks of searching for the microbe that lives in the mental anguish of the writing-itch. It is a disease. The microbe is always with us, and one never knows who is to be the next victim. The serious aspect of the cause is that the poor thing who suffers from it never knows that he is so suffering. It is only the other person who suffers. The microbe bites us through him. Of course, it is a psychological disease. But it is time it was attacked ruthlessly. How can one do it? There's the rub. Personally, I think it arises out of sheer vanity. Vanity of the profoundest kind. It comes, in its early stage, by way of emulation. These poor, benighted persons read something that seems to them so simple—either a novel or an article or a short story. It seems easy. It can be done. And, hey presto! a writing-pad and a fountain pen do the rest. They forget that there is a third thing required. But usually they haven't got it; just a simple, modest brain that knows how to think and to express itself.

The number of divers manuscripts hurled day after day at editors runs into hundreds of thousands. The percentage accepted is negligible. That is bad enough in all conscience. But with this side of the itching microbe of writing I do not propose to deal in this article. It is the other aspect of it that concerns me at the moment: the hundreds of persons who have written manuscripts of every conceivable kind, which have not an earthly chance of being accepted by a publisher, but which the writers are determined to see in book form, come weal or woe. It is rather difficult to know how to deal with these persons. They are consummate in their egotism. Of their right to publication they are assured. And having some money at their disposal, they propose to find someone who will make their manuscript into a book at their own expense. They mean to show up the unenterprising publisher. That he is a fool goes without their saying.

In fact, in this embryo author's mind the publishers do not know their business. He does not have to look far afield before he lights upon someone ready to help him out of his difficulty. The urge to write is very insistent. The urge to publish is almost a divine command. Of the making of a book he knows nothing. Of how it should be sold he knows less. While as to an agreement, beyond knowing the word, the thing is a blank to him. How he is going to get his money back he does not know, except that in the back of the beyond of his galloping mind there is a consensus of opinion among the midgets that occupy it, that somehow he *is* going to make a lot of money. And the sooner he gets that *magnum opus* of his on the market, the sooner will the riches come.

So he sets about looking for someone to take his hand and his cash. His credit can go to anyone who is ready to treat him sympathetically, who will read his manuscript, and tell him, almost by return of post, that, indeed, he has been glad to read his most excellent work, and although he cannot quite see his way clear to publish it quite at his own expense, and so forth, he would surely be glad to place his "imprint" upon the proposed book, if he, the enthusiastic and anxious author, will on his part contribute something, not necessarily the whole of it, towards the expense of production. What can be more attractive to him who hath not the ear of the public? Here is his chance. He had found this public-benefacting "publisher" happily through an advertisement. It was set out in wise and subtle manner; so much so that it rang with a 100 per cent. genuineness, a completeness of honesty. That, of course, is the trafficker's clever way. He knows his business. He knows, too, the gullibility of these blooming authors. It doesn't matter two straws what kind of book it is. Our friend, the writer, may be someone who has managed a piggery, and the writing-itch is so virulent in consequence that he has written his autobiography. Or, Miss Suburbia, possessing a few good banknotes and a roving love of deserts and sheiks, has written a novel of 20,000 words. At least, she calls it a novel. And the long-haired weedy youth has cursed himself for life by composing some never-to-be-forgotten blank verse. "Let 'em all come," says the man

who is ready to bring them out. In they all come. Out go the contracts. And so there are many more merry books to swell the 12,000 or so that hurtle down upon us year in and year out. Imaginative people are these pseudo-writing people. Their myopic eyes are fixed upon the golden goal. Easy money makes up their dreams. They are going to give the publisher-man a pretty bad time before he's through. And the new author is going to get a bad time, too—for although he may see a hybrid piece of book-making with his name on the title-page, that is about all there is to it. No one will buy it. No paper will review it. He will probably worry the life out of his publisher, and he will be cursed by his relations and his friends and his neighbours for his importunities. I suppose there was more of this "penny-publishing," as I am tempted to call it, before the war, because the cost of production was less, and the space for all kinds of things was greater; yet it is still amazing that so many paid-for books are appearing every year. While these futile people are ready to surfeit their vanity until it bursts like a soap-bubble, so long will there be shrewd printer-publishers ready to stuff their prospective clients until they are gorged to repletion with their despicable self-admiration. Think of it! To be able to say, "Have you read my book?" A truly fine intellectual gesture. And many of those who indulge themselves in this trivial experience of life are frequently those who ought to know better. What a pity they cannot see their folly! They would be far more useful citizens if some inner voice within their strange mind would urge them to give the £100 or so they have spent to flatter themselves with, to the Home for Lost Dogs. I know of no more appropriate charity. But it is too much to expect. Write they must. Publish they will. And damn the consequences.

I would not go so far as to say that this business of publishing books for stupid persons who are ready to pay the piper is, as some writers call it, "a publishing swindle." It certainly does sometimes savour of dishonesty, but I think that those who have been clever enough to meet the wishes of the vanity of such persons are clever enough to avoid doing anything that brings them within the scope of the law. That their methods

are immoral is more likely the case. They contract to do certain things, and if the author signs that contract, how can you call the producer a swindler? I have not the slightest doubt that these good gentlemen and their craft have been carefully considered by those whose business it is to protect us. It is their clever handling of the situation; it is their astute reaction to the psychology of the paying author that annoys us. But just why we should exhibit spleen because these persons are taking advantage of the little minds of those who are seeking such cheap notoriety, is something of a conundrum. After all said and done, if the books have no virtue, book-buyers, booksellers, and reviewers may, and do, I am glad to say, let them alone. These poor books give their poorer authors some pleasure, I suppose, and may make for printers some money, but they do, at least, cause the employment of a number of honest men. Undoubtedly the case against such publications is strong, but there are some arguments for them. Paying for the publication of nine-tenths of the books, other than scientific, is utterly unjustified. They fill no requirement, except that of the writer's vanity. Yet, here and there, a book has justified itself. One may not make too hard and fast a rule. The work of these incompetents is not wanted, but there are instances where the author is justified in bearing the expense of production. To the other kind of writer it is an intense matter of personal interest. He worships this child of his perverted mind much more fervently than he worships his God. It does not matter one little bit if there *are* twelve thousand books almost bursting through the windows of the book shops. His book has the same right to existence. And there he is right. Most right-thinking folk will agree that, perhaps, in the case of a scientific or seriously important work, the prospect of sale of which is likely to be limited, the author is justified in offering to help the publisher to bear the racket of production. But the author who, mayhap, has the ready money for such an enterprise, need not go to the hybrid publisher, but to a sound man of honourable repute who is always ready to do his best to help out the author who has written a work of obvious importance, but which, it is also obvious, is not going to

be in sufficient demand to bring back the investment for a long time. This is where I think paying for publication is quite in order. We must not be too sweeping about all aspects of the business. There are two sides to most things, and paying for publication is one of them. Granted that the majority of this kind of book are unwanted and a nuisance, but I see no way of their ceasing. If some sort of "permit" for publication were established, such a plan would be fraught with the most undesirable possibilities. It would be the thin edge of a censorship. That would be impossible. Yet it could not be applied in one instance and not in another. In the long run these paid-for books do not do the harm that some hot-headed critics seem to think. The more one bothers about them, the more they will thrive. Let them alone. They will always be at a pretty low level. And I'm not so sure that those who put them on the market are not indulging in some loud guffaws at the fuss that is being made about them. In nearly every newspaper office of any importance they are quickly discovered. I would suggest, however, that instead of their being sent to the secondhand bookseller for sale, they should be destroyed. Even that seems somehow too drastic, for peradventure there may be one good thing among them. We can be guided in our conclusions and actions by common sense arising out of our experience and sense of fairness. This kind of author has every right to print his book, if he so chooses; and if his own sense of culture does not persuade him of his folly, then I am sorry. For he will not see how offensive he is against the canons of good taste. He is blind to the fact that neither the public, nor the bookseller, nor the reviewer needs his writings. Only he sees its beauty—thank heaven! There is but one remedy: let him alone. He will die of inanition.

Your person who will be published, willy nilly, having the wherewithal in his more or less ample pockets, gives little thought to the economics of the situation. Strangely enough, he mixes ideals, such as they are, with a poor, thin, anæmic subterfuge for practicability. Beyond a sense of grievance at the rejection of his work by the legitimate publisher, he

would have no interest in the business were it not for the fact that there was enough and to spare in his banking account to enable him play at the game of authorship. The methods of these pay-for-your-work publishers are nothing to him. All he wants to see is his book published; and in the bookshops. But he rarely sees that. When his volume is on the market, then he begins to get jumpy. He had expected notice to be taken of it, copies to be sold, advertisements to appear. Poor fellow! He begins to feel the rough business of authorship. Then he starts whining about the dishonesty of the publisher. He never gave this aspect of the business one little thought when accepting the clever suggestions that he should pay for the thing himself, or when he, with a great sentimental glow, set his name to the contract. Less still did such things bother him when he hugged to his mental breast the cheap emotion of correcting proofs. He piled up suggestions to his "publisher," who listened to the gyrations of the author with his tongue in his cheek. A fig for method. Art for art's sake. And a cheque to meet the bill.

Of course, besides having thrust upon him by these printer-publishers an inferior article, the author probably pays more than he need. What does it matter? He has a £100 or so to burn, and there is nothing so thrilling as to see that book of his in being. He agrees to pay a certain price for 250 or 500 copies. What he pays is the cost of production plus a nice fat percentage on top. The chances are, that if he had the gumption to work out the cost per copy, he would find that even if the whole edition were sold, there would be a loss on each copy. If, in addition, he wants it advertised, the £10 or £20 would be all so much clear additional loss. Ninety-nine per cent. of these books have the hall mark of amateurism upon them. The size, the binding, the type, the title-page, the general lay-out of the book, damn the printer-publisher and the author from the start. He would be a thousand times wiser if he frankly went to a decent printer and asked him to make a book of his literary effort for the delectation of his snobbish mind, and the amusement of his doting wife. This unsophisticated individual—and, after all, he *is* simple—imagines that the

efficient machinery of the present modern and up-to-date publishing houses will be at his behest for the asking. He has a rude awakening before he gets very far. He has footed the bill, and had the wonderful ecstasy of seeing his great thoughts actually in printed form. Common sense, or rather, that little of it that has been left, flies out of the many open windows of his mind. Soon there blows in a draught through these gaps. Some day, these nice men and maidens will awaken to their folly. If they want protection from the dangers of this amateurish business, they can have it for the asking. Any proper publisher who has rejected the book, any reputable agent, or any bookseller will tell them of the stupid folly of paying for publication. If they are members of the Authors' Society, their interests will be well cared for. I have been amazed at the many capable people who have signed the most iniquitous agreements for the production of a book at their own expense. I have in mind one particular case of someone who had a minus sense of literary style, but who was determined—pugnacious person!—to see his MS. in book form. He showed me the agreement *after* he had signed it. There was pride in his eye, and sorrow in mine. It was a bad document. Some of us who have a sense of sympathy and a little thought for our fellow-man would gladly give advice; but how can we go out into the highways and byways and offer advice? Every would-be author should, before embarking upon the business of bringing out his book at his own expense, consult an expert. What I do not like, and most publishers will agree with me, is the sweeping charge of dishonesty that is carelessly made against these printer-publishers. As I have said before, they sail pretty near to the wind. What they do flagrantly is to take advantage of the vanity of the person who has been rejected. It is pure opportunism, a subtle turning of psychology to their own selfish ends. I blame the fly just as much as I blame the spider. What I marvel at is that many of these pseudo-authors who have been cleverly rooked only begin to squeal when the world at large leaves them to stew in their own nauseous vanity. They have only themselves to blame.

Beggars and Begging-Songs

By Violet A. Simpson

> Let Fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
> I have a soul, that like an ample shield
> Can take in all, and verge enough for more.

CASUAL tramps—"our leisured class," as the American girl in *Punch* described them—may not exactly appeal to us at first sight as subjects of romance. But the community of the Needy Nomadic to which they belong, with all its many varieties—"Vagabonds, vagrants, strolling players, soothsayers, gipsies, wandering scholars, masterless men, quacks, fencers and bear-leaders," as they were classified by the Elizabethan law-makers—has as many aspects as it contains types. Pathos and drollery, poetry and humour, are as much a part of the stock-in-trade of these children of Fantasy-in-Idleness as the sordidness of want and falsehood.

In the history of every trade, profession, or social movement, there comes the exact moment when influences, tendencies and endeavours unite in working order, ready to be galvanized into coherent life. It is the moment when Custom becomes Common Law, when Codes supplant Fashion, when, briefly, Legislation confirms by superseding Individual Action.

The earliest social systems of which we have knowledge include provisions against destitution, poverty, idleness, and any vicious misuse of talents and time; but it is to Europe that belongs the distinction of having crystallized Mendicancy into a Profession; to Germany, land of Systems, the recognition of this professional status on paper. The compilation of the "Liber Vagatorum," published and printed in Germany, somewhere about 1509, edited by Martin Luther in the year 1520, marks an epoch in the history of Beggary, which we might not inaptly call its professional birthday.

Ancient mythology gave Poverty—*pur et simple*—a place amongst the gods, a Deity to be honoured. Slavery, ultimate form of destitution, even while firmly established in patriarchal times, was rigorously provided against under the Hebrew theocracy The Jews looked

upon beggary simply as the result of idleness, punishing it accordingly. Vagrancy was considered criminal by the ancient Egyptians; their "unemployed" had to accept work or die. Greece upheld similar principles. We learn that by the laws of Draco and Solon mendicancy was regarded as evidence of wilful poverty, its punishment death. Plato proposed to banish vagabonds as enemies to the State; the Romans kept censors on purpose to exterminate them, putting them to work on the public buildings, or in the mines. Tacitus tells us that the Teutons planted out their idlers and mendicants in bogs, and stoically left them there. No beggars are to be seen in China to this day; only persons physically or mentally incapable are maintained by the State. Europe alone has legitimatized a community of preying prowlers.

Schreiber, in his "Bettler-Industrie," a book-pamphlet published about 1675, places the Golden Age of Mendicants between 1450 and 1650, or from the Fall of Constantinople to the close of the Swedish War.

The practical causes making this possible are naturally to be found in that general upheaval of society which marked the passing of medieval into modern conditions of life. Thus we have the fall of the Eastern stronghold of Christianity, with the influx of Turkish traditions and the transference of Greek scholarship and science to Western Europe; the break-up of the monasteries and consequent breakdown of the religious system upon which social life was based; the invention of printing, and the discovery of new continents. Let Imagination but dwell for a few minutes upon that first landing of Columbus—visualizing the United States of today. Disintegration, movement, experiment, were in the air. And there was another curiously subtle change at work in the attitude taken towards life. The age of chivalry was merging into one whose aims were essentially utilitarian. The European nobility no longer warred as Crusaders, but for aggrandizement, political or commercial. The voyages of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries combined the spirit of speculation with that of enterprise. Learning was become a competitive exercise, with rewards as a final goal; the scholars to attain

renown had so much more to acquire, so many new Universities to visit, that the quiet monastic search for knowledge presently resolved into schemes, well planned, for profitable and remunerative education.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the discarded fashions of any one class, whether of dress, manners, or habits of thought, always descend in the scale, suffering demoralization in the process. Poetry and romance, in the sixteenth century, began to filter down to the class of offshoots, the tribe of idle free-booters, freethinkers, and general freelances of society. Meantime Christianity had sanctified distress. The mendicant friars, in all nobility, had taught how closely the diseases of the body are affiliated to those of the soul, and their methods were copied only too successfully, *minus* the morality. So-called "poor scholars" formed a thriving branch of begging-imposition.

Thus the stage was reached which gave birth to the "Liber Vagatorum," first treatise extant upon the subject, and printed fifty years before anything of the kind appeared in England.

The book itself is a compilation, made from the records kept by one Johann Knebel, Chaplain, of the proceedings of a great Court held at Basle in 1475, "to try numerous vagabonds." The version edited by Martin Luther is the best. It gives an edifying list of "Beggar-Orders," neatly summed up with editorial notes as to how they should be treated. First come *Bregers*, whom Luther dismisses as honest paupers. Standing second are *Stäbulers*, or Saint-Beggars, who "hang themselves about with signs of the Saints"—probably images and medals—"as if under special protection; these are "half bad, half good, to be helped at Discretion." *Löosners* wore heavy chains, "pretending to have been kept in slavery by the Saracens for Faith's sake, and having vowed when thus enslaved to give a pound of candles to some Saint, if granted liberty, are now begging to obtain means to fulfil the vow. Nought but deceivers; give Nothing." *Blenkners* are described as "very, very blasphemous." These sat at church doors in chains, impersonating some Saint, and praying noisily. *Dobissiers* pretended to be Friars collecting for some poor

church; they also "touched for diseases." *Kömmesierers* were runaway scholars, to whom "nothing is to be given, as the sooner they are forced to go home the better." *Vagrants* and *Strollers* posed as sorcerers, wearing yellow garments. They patrolled the country, selling incantations to farmers for luck.

> Wherever these words are said,
> No man shall suddenly fall dead,
> No murrain, mildew or other miserie
> Shall touch this ground to all eternitie.

Gickesses were blind beggars; some "Providence-blind, some self-inflicted; many shamming."

Vöppers were sham Demoniacs, who "chewed soap to feign madness,"—mental weakness being considered a sacred condition in those times, as it is today in certain country places. *Gränthers* claimed to have the falling sickness of the saints; *Dützers* pleaded that they were on a pilgrimage collecting money for the fulfilment of a vow; *Schleppers* pretended to be priests outright. *Döllingers* did penance at church doors as—repentant Hangmen! In fact, as an old Beggar ditty of the sixteenth century runs:

> And of all occupations, Begging is the best,
> Whensoever he is weary, he may lay him down to rest;
> For howsoe'er the world goes, he never need take care,
> And whatsoe'er he begs or gets, he spends it in good fare.

Some fifty years after Luther's exposition upon Continental vagrancy, Awdeley, writing about 1561, scheduled an amusing list of "Twenty-Fiue Orders of Knaues" as legitimatized in England. Harrison, in his "Description of England in Shakespeare's Time," says that the Beggar-Profession had first come into prominence some sixty years before, "now numbering 10,000." The Act of 1530 shows it was then recognized as a social item to be dealt with by law. Harrison attributes mendicancy to "impotence, casualty, thriftlessness," and "the covetousness of others in turning the poor out of their holdings, since they have thus only a choice between emigrating, thieving, and begging." He alludes to the Enclosures Act of 1500, which may truthfully be said to have been the main cause for vagrancy in England.

The Head of the Begging-Profession—law-maker,

organizer, and wielding full authority over the tribe—went by the name of the *Vpright man*. He was known by his staff, the wand of office, and had an understudy in the *Curtall*, who had only a little less power than himself. To Luther's list Awdeley adds the *Prygman-stycke*, whose special province was "to steal cloathes off the hedges" and the *quire*, or gaol-bird. Who has not as a child played at Old Soldier, *alias* the *Ruffeler*?

> Although I nere was farther
> Than Kentish Street in Southwark,
> Nor ere did see a Battery
> Made against any Bulwark,
> But with my Trolls and Deres
> Lay in some corner lurking,
> And ne'er went abroad
> But to beg on the road,
> And keep myself from working.

An *Irishe Toyle*, who sells lace in the streets, is a familiar figure in London today. The *swyg-man*, or pedlar trading stolen goods, suggests the derivation of the Australian bush term "swag." *Wiltners* or *Fawney* beggars may still be met with. This form of trickery is to deposit quietly a sham gold ring in the street, ostentatiously pick it up, then for a "mere trifle" as "useless to me in my condition" proffer it to some passer-by credulous, or perhaps rogue himself, enough to "jump at a bargain." The *Over-sönzen-goers* represented the beggars of better education and class, practising trade as Begging-Letter-Writers. One type of itinerant who feigned madness, and so worked on sympathy, the *Abraham-man*, is genuinely interesting, as being the deliberate caricature of the Tom-o'-Bedlams. Edgar assumes the character of a Tom-o'-Bedlam in *King Lear*.

> My face I'll grime with filth;
> Blanket my loins: elf all my hair in knots;
> And with presented nakedness outface
> The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
> The country gives me proof and precedent
> Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
> Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
> Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary,
> And with this horrible object, from low farms,
> Poor pelting villages, sheepcotes and mills,
> Sometimes with lunatick bans, sometimes with prayers,
> Enforce their charity.

These singular mendicants were the harmless lunatics discharged from the Bethlehem Hospital—corrupted into Bedlam—with a licence to go a-begging. They wore a fantastic dress, bedecked with bits of paper, ribbons or cloth, and carried a long staff and a cowhorn. For a badge they wore on the left arm an armilla, or iron ring, about four inches long, not removable. Many of their "mad"-songs are extant, full of a wandering, fanciful poetry.

The legislation for Beggars was discriminating. The Act of 1531 licensed persons in real want to beg within fixed bounds, each to have a letter sealed with the Seal of the Hundred, rape, wapentake, city or borough, subscribed by the justices. This was called a *jarke*, corresponding to more modern *Lines*; *jarkesmen* were beggars who stole or forged these credentials. Discharged soldiers were supposed to travel with a Chancellor's licence. A survival of the custom was the badge which in William III's time had to be worn by all persons receiving parish relief. This badge consisted of a piece of red or blue cloth pinned on to the sleeve, bearing the letter "P" = *pauper*, and the initial of the parish. Severe penalties were attached to the discarding of these badges, greatly hated by the unfortunate persons liable to carry them. In Liverpool, on May 13, 1685, an order was issued that "all persons on the Poore Books should bear a pewter badge with the Towne's arms engraved thereon." A fortnight's doles were to be forfeited, if the badge was discarded.

But the same Act provided sternly against unlicensed beggars. Any able-bodied mendicant was to be "tyde to the end of a carte naked, and beten with whyppes throughout the same Market Towne tyll the bodie be bloody by reson of such a whyppinge." He was then to be sent back to his birthplace, or "where he had dwelt three yeares," and was to "put himself to laboure lyke as a true man oweth to doo." There were penalties for harbouring or helping beggars; the Act of 1536 forbade Doles to be given by private persons at all: so late as December 10, 1749, at Burton-on-Trent, one Robert Hinds was fined 25s. for giving alms.

Scholars and Sailors were to be specially "liable to

the Statute" (1531), both professions lending themselves so peculiarly to fraud. For the first offence such counterfeiters were to be whipped like vagabonds; for the second to be scourged for two days, lose one ear, and be pilloried; for the third to lose the other ear, and be again scourged. Yet in 1569 there appeared to be 13,000 "masterless men." The Second Poor Law decreed that Vagrants should be "grievously whipt, and burnt through the gristle of the right ear," unless some one would take them into service for a year. If within sixty days after punishment the offence was repeated, the penalty was to be a felon's death, unless some "honest person having £10 worth of goods and forty shillings" would take the offender into service for two years, or be bond for £10.

The term Vagabond was humorously comprehensive. It included all who "pretended to be proctors"; all who practised "unlawful games"—palmistry, physicking the sick, and so on; all able-bodied persons without a trade or master. Fencers, bear-leaders, common players in interludes, minstrels without a lord—strange forerunners of the degrading system of Art patronage which held throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—jugglers, pedlars, tinkers and petty chapmen were scheduled with able-bodied workmen who "refused to work at ordinary rates." Counterfeiters of passports came next; then Scholars of Universities without a licence; while shipmen pretending to have been wrecked were coupled with "discharged prisoners without a license from two justices."

The two principles underlying these provisions were first, the enforcing of local responsibility for local distress; and secondly, the distinction between paupers and vagabonds. In 1572 the first Houses of Correction were established; while in 1597 the Churchwardens were made responsible for the assessment of the Poor Rates in place of the Justices. The 43rd of Elizabeth establishing these laws remained the groundwork of our Poor-law system until quite recently. Nevertheless Beggars increased. In 1614, owing to commercial crises, matters in London were so bad that the Lord Mayor specially legislated against the intolerable nuisance. Fetter Lane derives its name from having been a favoured Haunt of

BEGGARS AND BEGGING-SONGS

Beggars, originally known as Fewtor's Lane—"fewtor" being the cant term for *Mighty Beggar*, derived from the French word *faitour*, a defaulter. The English Poor Law did not apply to Ireland. Skelton tells us that in 1731 there were in this country 2,295 parishes with ten vagrants begging in each, the strolling beggars numbering 34,000 then, and increasing to 50,000 by ten years later.

Scottish beggars during the seventeenth century were proverbial, while on the other hand Burnaby tells us that when travelling through the American Colonies he made a journey of over 1,000 miles without meeting one vagrant.

In 1742 the cost of the Poor Law to the nation amounted to £600,000, or in the ratio of six times to the increase of the population. In 1784 it had reached the sum of two millions. Arthur Young, however, attributed this to—excessive tea-drinking! Certainly the Beggars throve in jollity, if it is true that the moral history of a race is to be read within its Ballads. There are divers "Beggar-Songs" extant from the sixteenth century onwards, all teeming either with a sense of "superiority," unabashed content, or that roving fantastical spirit of poetry which characterizes the true "children of the open air." Here is a song from a quaint collection called "Beggars and Ballad Singers":

There's a difference between a beggar and a queen,
And I'll tell the reason why:
The Queen she cannot swagger,
Half so Happy as I.

Of All the Trades in London
The Beggar-Trade's the best,
Since Bob* allows us that Trade,
Who misses all the rest?

From Kings and Queens and Courtiers
It takes away the bell,
For who would be a King,
When a beggar lives so well?

A King may strut and bluster
Amongst his nobles all,
But a Beggar looks as big
When in Council at Guildhall.

* Presumably Sir Robert Peel?

A King, tho' he's no Conjuror,
May think himself full wise,
But the Beggar still outwits him
Who pays him no excise!

According to the philosophy of the genuine Beggar-tribe, we are all "tarred with the same brush."

Great Britain is a curious place of high renown,
For people go a-begging in Country and in Town,
So if you list to me, I will not keep you long,
And I'll try and sing to you a little begging-song:
For we're all Beggars, beg, beg, beggars,
We are all Beggars, right throughout the world.

The Poor Law Dons are Beggars, with hearts as hard as slates,
And they well know the like when they go and beg for rates;
But if you are hard up, and for reliefment try,
They beg you'll come into the House, or stop you out, and die!

The policemen are all beggars, according to my song,
For if they see a mob collect they beg you will move on,
The landlord is a beggar, and on begging always bent,
When on Monday with his notebook he comes to beg the rent.

It is the philosophy of Failure, a modern record of sad experiences!

There is a series of exquisite Songs of the early seventeenth century, relating to the Ton-o'-Bedlam tribe, of very different calibre. A ring of true poetry runs through them:

. . . I know more than Apollo,
For oft when he lies sleeping
I behold the stars
At mortal wars
And the rounded welkin weeping;
The moon embraces her shepherd,
And the Queen of Love her Warrior,
While the first doth horn
The stars of the morn,
And the next the heavenly Farrier.

With a heart of furious fancies
Whereof I am Commander;
With a burning spear,
And a house of air
To the wilderness I wander:
With a knight of ghosts and shadows
I summoned am to Tourney:
The Leagues beyond
The wide world's end—
Methinks it is no journey!

It is a "putting into words" of the Call which haunts the "Lavengro" race of genuine wanderers—gipsies, travellers, pioneers, explorers. Compare it with this Cant-song of the same date, "The Cunning Northern Beggar":

I am a lusty Beggar, and live by others' giving,
I scorn to work,
But by the highway lurke
And beg to get my living.

I lie i' th' wind and weather, and weare all ragged garments,
Yet though I'm bare, I'm free from care—
A fig for high preferments!
For still will I cry: good your worship, good Sir,
Bestow one poore Denier, Sir,
Which when I've got,
At the pipe and pot,
I soone will it cashier, Sir.

What though I cannot laboure, shall I e'en pine with hunger?
No, neither will I,
Nor starve where I lye,
I'll beg of the money-monger.
No tricks at all shall 'scape me,
But I will by my maunding
Get some reliefe to ease my griefe,
When by the Highway standing.
'Tis better to be a Beggar, and aske of kinde good fellows,
And honestly have
What we doe crave,
Than steale and goe to the gallowes.

A tag, surely with something of pathos in it, winds up one of the best-known beggar-songs:

Then since the sturdy Beggars
Have opened all our eyes,
May we never want a King
Who such beggars won't despise.

The Dog Boy

By Ellen Burgess

AMMASEY, the Podian—commonly known as the "dog boy," vulgarly known as the "tick boy"—was an ugly little fellow.

He wore a dirty duster wound about his middle, and a dirty dishcloth bound about his head, for the Tamils have a liking for rags of all sorts, the dirtier the better. But his little black body was straight and slim, his eyes were bright, and his smile was humorous.

The dogs were a mixed bag. Their origin was obscure, and types had become hopelessly muddled. Jock's legs should have belonged to Pip's body by rights; Eliza's ears ought to have grown on MacGregor's shaggy head; colour and form were nowhere; but at all events their hearts were in the right place—they loved the Podian and adored their master.

He did not look a subject for adoration, being an elderly and somewhat morose planter, who was slovenly as to dress, and habitually drank more than was good for him. But dogs are very broadminded; they cared nothing that his shirts were frayed and buttonless, that his topee was a battered wreck, or that he moved in an aroma of whisky. He talked to them kindly when in the mood, and threw them scraps at meal times, while they all sat round thumping their tails on the concrete floor, and panting with joy if he praised them.

They were a harum-scarum lot, rushing like whirlwinds through the house in pursuit of bullocks in the garden, barking themselves hoarse over monkeys in the rubber trees, and making night hideous in their efforts to protect the bungalow. They were rough and rude in their habits, and over-demonstrative in anger or delight, till the Podian came.

Rabies came first. Always present, the disease suddenly became alarmingly prevalent and a dilatory Government took fright. Stringent notices bristling with

red tape were issued, and a decree went out to all the estates round that dogs must be under proper control, either muzzled or chained up, and if found straying would be shot by order.

"Oh, curse it!" said the planter; "I can't be bothered with all this. I must get a *jaga* (watchman) for 'em." So he made inquiries in the coolie lines, and the result was the Podian.

He had no kith or kin to trouble about him; like Topsy, he appeared to have "growed" on the plantation. One small child makes little or no difference in the estate books, and he scrambled up somehow, doing odd jobs and living with the other coolies. It was promotion to be made dog boy, and the few dollars monthly meant wealth to be spent at the native *kedai* (shop).

The dogs took to the Podian, and the Podian took over the dogs. He assumed immense airs of importance, and the dogs were duly impressed. At certain hours they were chained up, and they bore it with cheerful resignation. At fixed times they were fed, and he boiled and served out their rice with dignity. In the morning he was at hand to set them loose for a wild scamper, and weekly he escorted them to the muddy river where he washed and scrubbed and argued with them, while they splashed about him and told him as plainly as possible that they preferred to go dirty, but would put up with this boring bath for his sake. He had also to free them of bullock ticks, and keep them "under proper control."

When he was not engaged in these duties, he was just an ordinary little Tamil, "cheeking" the servants, getting in the Chinese cook's way, putting his fingers in the cooking pots, and often receiving a smart box on the ear. But the clanking dog chain was his chain of office, and he wore it as pompously as any local mayor.

It was delightful to see him strutting along, while four obstreperous dogs romped round him, rarely checking them, yet keeping them well in hand. It is something of this same quality which enables a Malay toddler to govern a huge water-buffalo, to lead the fierce brute as it were by a single hair, whereas a full-grown European might be rent in twain.

Thus all went well till one eventful day.

The planter had been out on a long tramp to inspect a new clearing. The work was not progressing as it should, and he had sworn at the coolies, abused them roundly in Tamil and Malay, and reduced them to a state of sullen submission. Now, in the late afternoon, soaked with sweat, his khaki draggled and his canvas boots caked with mud, he strode homewards, still fuming over the natives' iniquities. It was stiflingly hot among the rubber trees; they stretched away in monotonous lines for mile upon mile. It was solitary, too, for the evening insect orchestra had not yet tuned up, though mosquitoes were beginning to bite. But the planter was used to solitude, and his skin was accustomed to bites.

He swung in at his gate at last, and entering the bungalow cast off his topee, and shouted to the boy, "*Ayer panas mandi, stengah lekas!*" which, being interpreted, means "Hot bath water and a whisky, quick!"

There was no answering shout, and he cursed this time in English, and called again. Silence.

He roared then for the cook, and as this proved futile, bellowed for the *tukong ayer*, the hewer of wood and drawer of water of the East, but even this lowly creature failed to respond.

"Damn them!" growled the planter. He went to the back veranda and surveyed the kitchen premises, but everything was shut up, silent as the grave, and he turned back to the living-room in disgust.

There was a movement beside him, and the Podian appeared from nowhere, like a pantomime imp.

"Where have the boys gone?" thundered the planter. "Where's the cookie, where are the dogs?"

There was something odd about Ammasey's manner, though he stood at attention and answered with deference.

There had been a serious happening during the Tuan's absence. The boys were scared and would no longer remain. The dog, MacGregor, had met with misfortune; truly he was not himself—could not eat, would not drink. . . .

"Eh, what?" said the Tuan sharply.

The Podian continued:

"I have chained him up, Tuan, apart from the other

dogs, for I fear it is the mad sickness. The servants said 'Touch not,' but I knew the Tuan would not wish MacGregor to be with the rest."

"What's wrong with your hand?" said the planter abruptly.

Ammasey put his arm behind his back.

"It is nothing," he lied.

"Show me instantly," commanded his master.

Unwillingly the boy came forward.

"Tuan, it was not the fault of MacGregor. You know the dogs would not harm me willingly. You will not beat him; he could not help himself."

There was a jagged wound, long and deep.

"Good Lord!" groaned the Tuan, aghast.

His brain worked quickly. He went to the telephone, unhooked the receiver and rang up the nearest hospital, about forty miles distant.

Ammasey's troubled eyes watched him suspiciously.

The Tuan spoke at some length, and in English.

"That's all right," he rang off, and wiped his forehead. "No good frightening the little devil in advance," he muttered. But the little devil knew.

"Here." He scribbled a chit and handed it to Ammasey, then spoke in Tamil.

"Run now to de Souza and he will wash and bind up the wound. You're to be at the office by five to-morrow morning for new orders—understand?"

"Before I cook food for the dogs or set them free, Tuan?"

"Yes," snapped the Tuan; and to himself, grimly, "There'll be no dogs to feed to-morrow."

The Podian turned away with lagging step, but went no farther than the veranda, where he halted and hid behind a creeper-wreathed pillar.

In the darkening room the planter was fumbling with a locked drawer for his loaded six-chambered revolver.

"No good taking risks," he muttered, and, sighing heavily, went out into the compound.

Three of the four dogs, with tails wagging like flag signals, leapt joyously at their chains to greet him; the fourth, apart, crouched with red eyes and slavering jaws, fierce and unhappy. The Tuan recognized the dread

symptoms. Four pistol-shots rang out, and four dogs dropped like soldiers at their posts.

A wail followed the reports. The planter wheeled about. He hated killing the dogs. They were his friends, and it hurt horribly. So he turned savagely on the Podian.

"What the devil are you spying here for? Be off, or I'll break every bone in your body."

Ammasey cared nothing for his master's threats, but the pain and excitement of the day's events had been too much for him. He burst into wild cries and lamentations.

The Tuan walked heavily back to the bungalow. A shadow crept behind. He threw the still smoking revolver down on the writing-table, and went across to the ice-chest. He was enraged at being obliged to shoot the dogs, enraged with the servants for deserting. He mixed a stiff whisky *stengah*, and flung himself into a long chair. He must get the poor beasts buried at daybreak, and the dog boy packed off to the hospital for treatment. He hoped the brat would pull through; it was a dashed unlucky business.

What was that?

He leapt up, splashing the *stengah* broadcast, for another report tore apart the silence and struck fear to his heart. He bounded to the writing-table. The pistol had gone.

In a flash he was out of the bungalow, running as he had not run for years, to the scene of slaughter.

Too late!

Dreading the coming ordeal at the hospital—with his dogs dead and his occupation gone—Ammasey had taken the law into his own hands. Beside the animals he had served so faithfully in life he lay, with arms outstretched as though still protecting them in death.

The Subjective and Objective Criticism of Music

By R. W. S. Mendl

When we call a thing beautiful we intend at least to convey that it pleases us personally. Of course, we should not attribute beauty to everything which gives us æsthetic pleasure, for we should find the term inappropriate to certain objects which we consider just pretty or agreeable or attractive. But we do not call a composition or a picture beautiful if it displeases us. It is obvious, therefore, that the personal factor is of enormous importance in criticism. Whether the word "beautiful" be applied by a distinguished authority or by a person who claims no great knowledge of the art, its use shows that the man employing it derives personal satisfaction from the work in question.

But it implies more than this. When I declare a symphony or a landscape to be beautiful, I do not mean only that I like it. I am, in my humble way, passing judgment upon it—and the standard to which, whether consciously or not, I am referring it, is not merely a matter of personal taste. I am conveying the notion that it will go on being beautiful after I am dead; in fact, that it would have been just as beautiful if I had never been born. Of course, in ascribing beauty to it, I am only saying what I think, in any case. "This is beautiful" can never be anything else than an expression of opinion. But the opinion thus expressed is that the composition conforms to some objective standard which is itself beyond the realm of personal predilections—the nature of universal beauty, or the form of beauty laid up in heaven, if you like to call it so. And this feeling is distinguishable from the attraction which the work has for me personally.

The difficulty, of course, is that we can hardly ever be sure that the opinion is right. Not merely does

the connoisseur frequently differ from the mass of the public—even the music-loving public—but critics are at variance among themselves. It may well be asked, What is the use of an objective standard, if no two people can agree whether, or to what extent, a particular work conforms to it? If one eminent writer on music assures us that Elgar's second symphony is one of the great orchestral masterpieces of history, while another thinks it of little account, who is to decide between them? Time, you may say. Possibly; but for one thing, the present generation may be pardoned if it gets a little impatient at being for ever told that the final verdict must be given by an age yet unborn; and for another, time is, indeed, a whirligig which brings in its revenges and plays strange pranks with the reputations both of composers and of other men. It is not as though a musical creator, once he is established as a classic, is secure for eternity. The popularity, even of great masters of the past, ebbs and flows like the spring tide. Even after Mendelssohn discovered for the world the greatness of Bach as a choral composer, many years went by before Bach's genius came to be recognized at what most of us now consider its true worth. Throughout the nineteenth century Bach was still regarded by most lovers of music primarily as a writer of ingenious counterpoint—an artist whose appeal was mainly to the intellect rather than to the emotions. He was still "the musician's musician," or "the father of modern music," and thereby written down as a person of historical rather than intrinsic importance for the men and women of that day. But nowadays Bach is one of the most popular masters; concerts devoted to his works, even without "star" performers, are crowded; the Passion music and the B Minor Mass seem to have an almost universal appeal. Even the "Forty-Eight" are seen no longer as mere exhibitions of dexterity, but as delicate expressions of varied moods; the suites and overtures are found to be full of attractive light music, the quick movements in the concertos to be exhilarating, and the slow movements to be deeply felt; the organ works are generally recognized as being above all other compositions of their class—not on the ground of skill only, but of grandeur

and emotional range. This attitude may not be universal, but it appears to be more widespread than the estimate of any other composer, and we may flatter ourselves, therefore, that in adopting it we have penetrated the veil. But who knows? A reaction may set in, just as it did in the case of Beethoven, and a subsequent age may dethrone Bach and set up another in his place; yet a later one may restore him to his present exalted position. Mendelssohn, so highly esteemed by the Victorians, fell somewhat from his lofty estate a little while ago, and we are told that his "Elijah" and "Hymn of Praise" are faded now; but the tide has already turned, and the perennial freshness of such things as the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music and the "Hebrides" overture is generally acknowledged. I look forward to a boom in the Mendelssohn stock in the fairly near future.

At any rate, the argument that an objective standard is useless because opinions differ as to how far a particular work attains to it is in one sense immaterial. For if we have good reason to believe that there is, in fact, such a standard, it is not much use inquiring into the utility of it; our obvious course is to search for it in all our judgments.

Even from the point of view of mere practical utility, however, the existence of an objective standard is clearly valuable in certain directions. There is a number of matters about which all honest critics must agree, and which are not questions of opinion at all. That Bach was a great master of counterpoint; that Chopin had an almost uncanny feeling for the capacities of the pianoforte—an instinct for the nuances of the instrument, knowing just what shades of emotion could be expressed through the medium of it, and precisely by what means; that Beethoven possessed a prodigious architectural sense, and Wagner a genius for orchestration; that Hugo Wolf knew perfectly how to embody a poem in music—giving every line—nay, every word—its appropriate musical counterpart, whereas Schumann had been content rather to convey the general mood of the poem, and Schubert sometimes sacrificed the more delicate requirements of poetry for the sake of a beautiful melodic line; all these

are things about which no critic or lover of music is likely to disagree if he has studied the works of those masters, and if he is giving a careful and sincere account of his experiences. They are facts for him to light upon —not points of controversy—and as such, they belong to the world of objective criticism. But though they are generally accepted truths, it is not always easy to trace the original discovery of them. In some instances they may have made themselves manifest almost at once to all discerning and impartial observers. But occasionally they seem to come, as it were, by inspiration to one person, who is thus able to tell us about a work something new, of which everyone at once appreciates the force: the kind of judgment which seems almost to compel agreement because we feel that, instead of just voicing an opinion, he has revealed to the world a truth which had not occurred to us before. So far as I am aware, Mr. Ernest Newman first pointed out the exquisite match between poetry and music which Hugo Wolf accomplished. When we are introduced to Sir George Grove's interpretation of the Poco Andante section of the "Eroica" symphony as the apotheosis of the hero, we feel that the word has been spoken: there is no need for further speculation.

The revelation of some new quality, or of one not previously recognized—and, conversely, the exposure of a flaw not hitherto detected—may be regarded as the highest functions of criticism; especially the former, for it is far more valuable to discern a hidden beauty than to unearth a defect which otherwise would have escaped notice. The kind of criticism which performs these tasks is the most impersonal and is, therefore, felt to be possessed of a permanence and universality to which even the most enlightened predilection can hardly lay claim. Nevertheless there is a value in personal confessions. Naturally we prize them most highly if they come from someone who has studied the subject, and hence the mere preferences of an experienced critic are entitled to more respect than the offhand conclusions of one who takes only a mild interest in the art, or who through youth or lack of opportunity has not yet acquired a deep knowledge. But in any event they are a study in psychology.

You may say they are not criticisms at all. But for the student of human nature in general and of musical appreciation in particular (for it must never be forgotten that the one is a part of the other) there is a tremendous fascination in watching the reactions of different minds, whether ill-trained or highly cultivated, to the music of different composers. That is why when a man—whether he be a mere lover of music, or a professional musician, or a person who is not specially musical—tells us that he dislikes Tschaikovsky or Wagner or Weber, or that he loves Bach or de Falla or Sullivan, we want to know just why and in what respects he is drawn to this composer and is displeased by that one. After all, the musical art is not just an abstract matter—it is a very human affair. In the long run the test must be, Do we find a thing beautiful? And this, as I have pointed out, necessarily includes the implication that we are attracted by it personally.

Although it is not possible to think a work beautiful if we dislike it, I suggest that it is perfectly logical to call a composer great even though we do not care for his music or are actually repelled by it. Suppose, for instance, that he has effected a veritable revolution in the history of the art, has opened up new paths or even turned music in a fresh direction, and is obviously a big man; it would be foolish to refuse to him the title of greatness; yet subjectively we may feel a personal aversion from his music itself when we listen to it, and therefore we cannot describe it as beautiful so far as we are concerned. Thus it is possible to dislike the music of Wagner, for example, while thinking him a great composer. This recognition of his greatness as an objective quality is not merely based on the fact that most music lovers admire his work. It is an acknowledgment of his technical mastery, the value of his operatic reforms in the direction of unification by means of the *leitmotiv* and the "unending melody," his influence upon his contemporaries and successors, his vast range of thematic invention and development, his power of description, and so on. To deny these things is either to be guilty of insincerity or to be deaf to qualities which exist whether we are aware of them or not. But

though we perceive them we can, without inconsistency, find Wagner's music unpleasant; his mind, as revealed in his work, may in some way be unattractive to us, and therefore subjectively we can dislike his compositions while objectively we admire certain qualities in them.

At least one distinguished musician in this country cannot abide the music of Weber, but he would doubtless be most indignant if you were to accuse him of denying that Weber was a great composer. A lady of my acquaintance finds Mozart invariably irritating. She is intensely musical, and it is not a case of her not caring for the eighteenth-century style, for she delights in the works of Haydn and other masters of that period. She willingly acknowledges Mozart's contrapuntal skill, his fluency, his economy in handling the material at his disposal, his unerring instinct for the general style and the delicate nuances suitable to the human voice. Yet it is an annoyance to her to sit in a room where Mozart is performed, and on more than one occasion she has expressed a sense of discomfort on hearing a piece of music which she had not even known was Mozart's, but which was, in fact, his. After all, there is nothing so very surprising in this. If you can derive enjoyment sometimes from the work of a man whom you do not consider to be a great composer—André Messager or Edward German, it may be; or even, in other moods, Lionel Monckton or Irving Berlin for that matter—there should be nothing incomprehensible in the converse case of your getting displeasure from the music of one whose greatness you yourself acknowledge.

This distinction between the objective and subjective sides of criticism helps to explain why in the case of contemporary music a critic rarely seems to be dealing with certainties; he may be vaguely conscious that he is in the presence of a great man, but the flashes of insight into the objective qualities of a new work appear less often than when he is reviewing music which has been long familiar. He is too close to the work of the men of his own day to be able to see it in its true perspective. He is likely either to attempt to judge it by standards which are applicable to other ages and forms of music, but not to this—and thus to look for something which is

not there; or else to receive impressions which are too personal to have an objective value. Because the music is unlike other music to which he has become accustomed, he may find that he has no suitable scale of values to which he can refer it, and thus, almost unconsciously perhaps, he falls back on personal predilection. Loath though we may be to admit it, the verdict of a twentieth-century authority on a work of the past is more valuable than on a modern composition: it is also easier, for the survival of the older work is itself an indication of its possessing objective worth. Yet the critic cannot afford to shrink from the difficult task of estimating contemporary art; he is smitten by the charm of novelty even as his readers are, and his consolation is that posterity may prove him right, and that, even if it does not, it will surely make allowances for him, remembering that contemporary opinion is for ever groping for light amid darkness. Thus amongst the conflicts and doubts of the subjective world, with its strange, delightful prejudices and its indirect, crooked ways, the fearless critic will press forward, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, in his search for the truth—bearing in mind the profound utterance of Keats:

> Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Coruña

By Rupert Croft-Cooke

We came to Coruña first on a white spring morning
Five years ago, to spend a few hours ashore,
Escaped from the decks that had grown already familiar,
And set out laughing, seven of us, to explore.
I was the youngest; this was my first port out;
I was the youngest; I had never set foot in Spain;
I gaped at the yellow and glassy houses about us,
At the cobbled streets, at the blue-tiled houses again.
I remember staring at Spaniards—red-gold uniforms,
A student in velvet jacket and blue Basque cap,
A knightly old gentleman, bearded, bejewelled and stooping,
And a lottery-ticket-seller, a little brown chap
Who grinned up pleading to us; and a wise old woman
With pigs in the market; and best, an enormous man
With a black cigar, and a real red sash at his stomach;
I stared at them passing. I laughed as our red wine ran
Out of a tasselled bottle. And all day long
I walked in a dream through the streets, and was amazed
That there were castles in Spain, that Spain was Spanish,
Till I came at last to the quay to return half-dazed
To our solemn English steamer that started southward.
That night I saw (it was no illusion to me)
A squadron that sailed beside us, tall and turreted,
Galleons come stooping and stately with us to sea.

But now, I suppose, if I were to go to Coruña,
I should find a dirty town by a sulky sea,
And people like other people, the wine indifferent,
And things more or less as I think they are likely to be.

That's all, and it's trite, and not really worth reflection
That we cannot return to the things we have lost, nor find
Anything left on the waters. But I will remember
That boys still go to Coruña and tease the mind
With visions of strange dark people, with haunting music,
And rose-deckt hair. And they may after all be right,
With their thoughts about donnish Spaniards and high-combed ladies
And fancies of galleons leaving the bay at night . . .
Pray God then that it was true, that he was a don,
That my giant Spaniard with sash and cigar lives yet,
That Spain is Spanish, that I have grown dull to doubt it,
That galleons go out of Coruña when suns are set.

Repetition

By Dolf Wyllarde

I think I'll say my prayers in bed tonight,
Because I want to cry ;—
I'll just ask nurse to take away the light—
She'll never notice that I've passed them by—
She wants to go downstairs and talk to Mary on the sly.
Bury my head in the pillow—say the little prayer through tears,
And none knows, save the One who hears.—
I wonder if my face looks funny in the glass ?
The same old nursery glass . . . .
Who is this elderly woman stares at me ?
How the years pass !
And nurse has gone downstairs eternally . . . .
But, if I might,
I think I'd say my prayers in bed tonight,
Because I want to cry.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Anglo-American Squabbles

"They're at it again," said Sergeant Murphy, looking up from his paper.

"Who are at what?" asked Heddle.

"The self-elected spokesmin of the two great more-or-less English-speakin' nations," replied the Sergeant, "havin' their usual slangin' match. It's like influenza, only it recurs more frequently.

"I will say it ginerally starts on the other side. Congressman Somebody from Somewhere wants a headline in the papers, so he rises in the House of Reprisintatives to expose the hidden hand and cloven hoof of England.

"'England,' says he, 'is workin' for our overthrow,' says he, 'and is enlistin' millions of Japs to march on the Panama Canal and desthroy the work of the forefathers of wan in four of us. I move,' says he, 'that the name of England be sthruck out of ivery school atlas used be the heirs of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Barnum, and other fathers of the counthry. And whin I think,' says he, 'of the splindid way we rescued thim from the Germans at great expinse, in the cause,' says he, 'of free institutions and to make the worruld safe for democracy, I suggest that the ambassador that goes in a boiled shirt to Buckingham Palace is a thraitor to the Stars and Sthripes.'

"Now, Heddle, the said congressman has no notion of causin' throuble. All he wants is to let his distant constituents know that he's on the job. What he knows about England has been learned from the fillums. The last time he's been in the papers was whin he declared a new gaol in his home town well and thruly laid, and he's gaspin' for a bit of limelight.

"But what's the result? The next day banner headlines over two continents tell the worruld that England is minacin' the Panama Canal.

"Up gets some pathriot on this side.

"'To Hell with America,' says he.

"'The same to you,' is shouted back across the Atlantic.

"SAYS SERGEANT MURPHY"

"This is the time for a rear-admiral retired on each side to say his piece. Ginerally he's the sort of fellah that you wouldn't ask the opinion of in regard to the site for a hin house, but in inthernational affairs he's always called on be editors. His arteries and his brain have steadily been growin' brittler, but he's lifted out of bed to scream blue murdher at the other nation.

"And so it goes on for a few weeks, Heddle, until both sides are out of breath and the conthroversy fizzles out.

"As a kerb editor meself, I hold that if newspapers refused to report the footling speeches of half-baked politicians not wan in fifty of these squabbles would arise.

"No sensible man in this counthry believes that if any real dispute arose between us and America, it couldn't be adjusted in a frindly way without either side thrailin' its coat, and naggin' never smoothed over annything.

"As far as the size of the navies are concerned, I'd have you to remimber that while wan man wears clothes for protection and decency, other min keep exthra suits for show purposes. If they can afford thim, why not? It's nothin' to me. I know what I require and that's what I ordher. I can't afford to be a Beau Brummel.

"Another thing, I'm certain that wan of the biggest causes of disputes between us and America is that we speak to a considerable extint the same language. It prevints us realizin' that we are foreigners to wan another.

"It isn't long since orators on this side used to refer to Americans as our cousins. That doesn't hold nowadays whin every third name in the United States sounds like a cough from a gas ingine. If we meet a Frinchman or a Russian, we expect him to have a Frinch or Russian outlook. But because an American talks English we're surprised to find that our thraditions leave him cold. And I've no doubt the same thing happens on the other side."

"I wonder what that fellow Thompson, the Mayor of Chicago, thinks about the Navy question?" asked Heddle.

"Him?" answered Sergeant Murphy. "The likes of him don't think. They haven't the machinery. Mintal ward is his spirichooal home. He used to be a joke. Now he is only a bore."

Comedy and Farce

By Horace Shipp

Mr. Prohack. By Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock. (Court Theatre.)
Good Morning, Bill! By P. G. Wodehouse. (Duke of York's.)

I FIND the world divided between people who accept everything which Mr. Wodehouse writes as being the most brilliantly laughable thing and those who are impervious to his humour. For my own part I confess that however much some of his books have kept my eyes from the dreariness of the Midland Plain, I did not find him entirely satisfactory in the theatre. But farce is a matter so much of mood and chance that I suspect that the fault was not his. Of the wild and even hilarious enjoyment of the rest of the audience there is no possible doubt whatever, and there is equally no doubt that the play is in for a long and successful career. I fear, therefore, that I probably went to the theatre in that state of mind which demanded something reasonable or at least reasonable nonsense. Mr. Wodehouse usually writes pure and unalloyed nonsense, which is merely to say that he obeys the rules of farce. This story of the passion of Bill Paradene for a golf-playing lady doctor is as simple as it could well be; it is cleverly constructed, and the fun does not come from the old devices of five people coming in through five doors at once. It comes really from Mr. Wodehouse's sense of caricature, and of seeing the foibles of our common humanity landing us into situations where they become betrayed and confessed. Which is really to add that he obeys the rules of comedy.

In *Good Morning, Bill!* he has trodden the border line, and the fact that he did this, and that I could not ever quite adjust my own mind to the play, probably came from this vacillation. Mr. Truex, that really brilliant comedian, did rather the same thing in his interpretation of the part. There is in him that quality of comedy which, as with people like Charlie Chaplin, arouses our pitiful understanding of his difficulties, and even while we rock with laughter at some absurdity, a remote corner of one's mind is registering the sentimental emotions. In the English theatre we have difficulty always in keeping farce and comedy in their right compartments, as we have in keeping tragedy

and comedy from overlapping. To the French mind this constitutes an almost insurmountable obstacle to the appreciation of much English work; and just occasionally I confess I find myself demanding this Gallic definition.

Mr. Wodehouse is most excellently served by his cast. Not only did Mr. Truex play up splendidly to the note which Mr. Wodehouse had struck, but Miss Vera Lennox, as the incredible Sally Smith, M.D., made her part credible, and the whole cast worked well.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's play, because of the author's reputation, demands more from us than the approval of enjoyment or the mild disapprobation resultant upon an unsatisfactory evening. Mr. Bennett stands as the Pontiff of contemporary English literature. It is, therefore, permissible to demand that when he himself puts forward a literary work, we should be allowed to bring up the heavy artillery reserved for work with some claim to permanence.

Does *Mr. Prohack* meet this demand? The story of the degenerating effect of the life of riches upon a hitherto honest and hardworking civil servant, his removal from a *milieu* of Bayswater villadom to the glories of a West End mansion, the transformation of his wife from a middle-class housewife to a society hostess, and of his son and daughter into young people of affluence, with its ironic comment that all this brought everybody concerned more worry than it seemed worth, and its further ironic conclusion that even if this were so, the possession of wealth holds us too firmly to allow us to let it go lightly, forms the framework for a play which should give us wise comedy comment on modern manners and philosophy. It is not a new idea. Everything depends upon the characterization, the working out and the amount of social wisdom with which the author can invest the piece. One cannot attend a play by Mr. Arnold Bennett in quite the same light-hearted manner that one can go to one by Mr. Wodehouse. Yet, but for the hypnotism of his name as author, there is nothing much in this piece which would cause us to ascribe greatness to it.

The characterization of Mr. Prohack himself is so far away the best part that we inevitably find ourselves

measuring the distance between this and that of the other characters. Mrs. Prohack, who is alive for a few moments in the first act, with her delightfully vague schemes of economy, is hopelessly lost as the play proceeds. This is one of Mr. Bennett's worst faults, not alone in this piece but throughout his literary work. He has a tendency to draw one or two people with the care and distinction which made us his devotees in *Clayhanger* or *The Old Wives' Tale* and then to neglect his subsidiary personages or to be content to galvanize into some faint semblance of life the stock characters of the literature of approximation. One thinks of those dreadful comic curates in *The Great Adventure*. In *Mr. Prohack* both the virtue and the vice consist in the exactness of drawing of the star part.

It becomes a character study of one man. It is an excellent part for the one actor, but alongside it the other characters fade into grey insignificance and the whole sense of values is lost. Struggle as they might, the fine cast were beaten by Mr. Bennett's own failure to visualize them as individuals.

Mr. Laughton, on the other hand, had a chance with a really rich part. Almost every line is good, there is change after change of mood and movement, and even though the whole weight of the play is upon his shoulders, they are in every sense of the words broad enough to bear it. Personally I missed from Mr. Laughton's performance just that note which I found in Mr. Truex in the Wodehouse play: the quiet pathos which gives the peculiarly English "tang" to the best comedy. I think Mr. Bennett had put it into *Mr. Prohack*, but that Mr. Laughton did not get it out. One has only to remember how exquisitely Mr. Wells brought it out in *Kipps*—a study of a similar theme—to realize what was missed in this exposition of the part. It may be asking almost too much of a piece of strong acting, but it was this which caused it to fall short.

The two pieces provide an interesting study of the manner of laughter-making in the theatre, and even though one cannot join in the chorus of unqualified praise, the laughter of both is good, healthy stuff, and the humour is essentially English.

Books

ESSAYS AND VIEWS

PREFACES TO SHAKESPEARE. By HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER. First Series: *Love's Labour's Lost, Julius Cæsar, King Lear.* Sidgwick and Jackson. 9s.

MR. GRANVILLE-BARKER, the author of *The Voysey Inheritance* and the promoter of some of the best drama the London stage has seen of late years, has earned the right to attention. "You cannot," he said at Birmingham in war-time, "have consistently good art plus 30 per cent."; but it is worth thinking on, even in our stupidly commercial epoch, and Shakespeare with a good producer may still bring good returns. This book is dedicated to "the English National Theatre—when that shall exist," and the author would be the man to look after the acting. He combines knowledge of the best thoughts of critical scholars with a keen appreciation of stage properties and effects. Scholars and actors have something to learn from each other. Points may be clear on the stage which are obscure in the study; silences as well as speeches may be immensely impressive. If actors, instead of talking about "our darling Shakespeare," would learn how to deliver blank verse, much would be gained.

All writers on the subject must meet with disputable matter at every turn. This survey is wisely open to compromise on some details which the purists rave about. It is shown that realism is not Shakespeare's way, and that his main purpose was to project character in action—not always, perhaps, to the advantage of the well-made play. We can see signs of his second thoughts in the First Folio, or, at any rate, the ideas of the actors, of whom he was one, as to what they should keep or cut. The Folio should not, as is the present fashion among scholars, be always subordinated to the quartos, and its arrangements are not to be set aside without long consideration. The sensible position taken here is that "we need not hold sacred all that the printer has left us."

Love's Labour's Lost is immature work with humours out-moded today, but *Julius Cæsar* shows the experienced hand and deserves the admirable analysis the writer has devoted to it. He sees that Cæsar is not presented as one would expect, perhaps because a fairer and more favourable view would alienate sympathy from Brutus. Brutus is one of the studies of meditative men on the way to the finished Hamlet. He does not quite come off either, being stiff in his posing stoicism, and it is possible that Shakespeare felt this and paused when he might have done more with his rival for attention, the warm-blooded Cassius. Antony, a "sportsman turned statesman," makes his effort late in the play, but his appearance has been carefully prepared in previous references to him.

The whole is subtly envisaged, and the writer's acute judgment

is equal to the trial of understanding in terms of the stage *King Lear*, the play which in its magnitude of conception has seemed beyond it.

V. R.

RELIGIO MILITIS. By AUSTEN HOPKINSON. Martin Hopkinson. 7s. 6d.

MR. HOPKINSON has developed in this accomplished and charming book thoughts that came to him in the fighting line. Confronted with base materialism and deadening pessimism, he produces a creed for the latest generation to believe in, rejecting without anger the conception of an anthropomorphic deity and the current ecclesiastical dogmas and practices. In these he finds relics of pagan magic, speaking out boldly where a generation ago such freethinkers as Samuel Butler were afraid of the forces of orthodoxy. He has been affected alike by Plato and Einstein in his views of cosmic problems. He denounces the humbug of democracy, and pleads for a new aristocracy of service in which "the well-being of the many will once again be secured by the self-sacrifice of the few." He has given up ten thousand a year to serve the better in what he realizes is a lonely mission. Still, to quote one of the Elizabethans:

> Joy's a subtle elf,
> I think man's happiest when he forgets himself.

The mass-sense and its cult of mere numbers are considered under the title of "Profanum Vulgus." The soldier's religion is connected with the dualism of Mithras, the god of the Roman legions. The fight of today is presented as between moral beings and Ahriman, the non-moral cosmic process, which is not good, or at best neutral:

> I make claim for my generation that it was the first to perceive clearly that nature is a dark power ever striving to keep the gate of progress fast closed to man.

Throughout, a distinguished prose is heightened by holding fine poetry in solution and recalling the great things of the past both in Hebraism and Hellenism. We think, however, that Sophocles goes deeper than the view here given of Œdipus. The king's calamitous fall is ascribed to his *Daimon* and is due to his lack of *sophrosyne*, a Greek virtue for which the sentimentalism of today is a poor substitute. The book is an eloquent expression of idealism, a protest against the loud worshippers of the idols of the market-place, and though it puts aside institutional Christianity it breathes the true Christian spirit.

PROPER STUDIES. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

"THERE are very few things which I find it permissible to hate," wrote Huxley—who disliked being called "Professor"—in prefacing a volume of his own essays. Of his grandson, the

author of "Proper Studies"—which has Pope's most familiar line as its motto—it may be said that while he too shows very little hatred, there are very few things which he does not find it permissible to discuss. Mr. Huxley starts, after an "introduction," with an entertaining essay on "The Idea of Equality," wherein the absurdity of this "idea" is shown in the first six lines. He points out that "a man who has to undergo a dangerous operation does not act on the assumption that one doctor is just as good as another." The same subject is forcibly treated in a "study" of "Political Democracy," where one of the absurdities of our system of government is illustrated by the statement that "the men who administer the laws have to give proof of ability and knowledge; the men who make the laws need give proof of nothing at all, except the confidence trickster's ability to talk persuasively, or, lacking that, the possession of money or some sort of influence."

Mr. Huxley has a poor opinion of modern artists, doubting, indeed, whether there are any now living "with sufficient talent" to paint "the horses and bisons on the walls of the palæolithic cave-man's dwelling." Marcel Proust obtains a page of criticism which includes the verdict: "A scientific voluptuary of the emotions, Proust seems to have had no ambition to do more than know himself; the idea of using his knowledge in order to make himself better never seems to have occurred to him."

Touching on "love," the author expresses his disgust with the purely functional idea of that relation so abundantly expressed by Anatole France. "If this be reason, then let me be irrational." His opinion of the youngest members of our adult population today is rather low. Indeed, he considers that, in one respect at least, they are below the savages, who are restrained by taboos, whereas our young people of the type with which he is dealing "seem to be entirely uncivilized" and "make use of every violent emotion-producing sensation for its own sake, because it gives a momentary thrill." From this it may be gathered, as is indeed the fact, that in this lively book Mr. Huxley comes before the world as a moralist. It may be added that he writes on "The Essence of Religion" in a way which would have pleased his grandfather, and regards Freud as a monomaniac.

TOKEFIELD PAPERS. By FRANK SWINNERTON. Martin Secker. 7s. 6d.

THE special value of such essays as are here reprinted from popular English and American periodicals is that they are read by many people who could not be got to read a whole book on a single subject under any force less compelling than the promise of a free trip to Paris or Honolulu.

Mr. Swinnerton moralizes brightly on his personal reaction to the incidents of everyday life. He discourses on the mentality of gardeners, apt (he finds) to be gloomy men; on querulous

neighbours, pessimistic concerning weather and other unavoidable things; on the intolerance of most people; and on such time-honoured themes for essayists as cats, tact, and sentimentality. On the whole, his conclusions will be in accord with those of the majority of men and women who are accustomed to reflect on what they see and hear. In the closing pages, headed "What I demand of Life," he analyses his own character, for the benefit, we may suppose, of those inquisitive people for whom the popular Press "caters" so profusely in the form of interviews with novelists, actresses, and the winners of prizes in tennis and beauty competitions. He tells us of his early poverty, and that he does not want money, fame, a life of gaiety or contentment, meaning, we suppose, that "pathetic contentment" which is closely allied with sluggishness. "As to friends," he says, "I have always found it easy to make them. My manners are affable and inoffensive. I have a sharp, but not a venomous, tongue; and my friends do not greatly fear it. . . . And no person is my friend who is not also my superior." What he says of his manners may be applied to his present essays, which will make him many new friends, though all of them will not be his superiors.

HISTORY AND DRAMA

THE TRANSITION FROM ARISTOCRACY, 1832–67. By O. F. CHRISTIE. Seeley Service. 12s. 6d.

MR. CHRISTIE, well known to us for his excellent work on Johnson, has got together an entertaining and judicious record of the social changes which came with the period of Reform Dr. Halévy has annotated in detail. The frontispiece shows Queen Victoria figured by *Punch* in 1865 as Shakespeare's Hermione and entreated to descend and "be stone no more," giving up that withdrawal from her duties the death of Prince Albert had suggested to her. The cartoons and verses from *Punch* included are a notable addition from that sound repository of national feeling. In 1845 the "Railway Juggernaut" heralded the crash of the wild speculation which brought Hudson to the front; in 1861 contempt was expressed for the German fleet. One of the few outspoken writers of the period was Surtees, who pictured the jolly life of the sportsman and the pleasures of the country as well as the dangers of the town, and Mr. Christie has noted his remarks on the coming of railways. This selection from books of the typical background of thought and feeling is a difficult business well done here. The period is, perhaps, best known through the medium of the novels of Dickens, whom Mr. Christie uses a good deal. Now, Dickens was a supreme writer in his way, but he had peculiar disabilities as an observer, and let the deeper thought of his time pass without comment.

BOOKS

FICTION

THREE WIVES. By BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

MRS. SEYMOUR has added another to her studies of the relationships, emotional and economic, between the sexes. Here she has shown us three modern young middle-class women trying to adjust themselves as wives to their other selves as human beings. Stella marries Michael Ross, the successful novelist, and, loving him, endures his philandering with other women, because she is basically monogamic and he is, at least intellectually, polygamic. Tony, her sister, flies from the disturbance of passion to marriage with a rich man who, she believes, will allow her to live her own life as a practising veterinary surgeon alongside her life as his wife. Val marries a bad lot and retreats from every decent feeling behind a surface of worldly cynicism. The characterization, the story-telling, are done in the way and with the vitality we have grown to expect of Mrs. Seymour. Her recording of Stella and Michael is subtle and beautiful. Stella, for all her modernity, is a Victorian; and, for all the unhappiness of her life, wins through. Val hardly exists: the book is of two wives and a shadowy third. Tony is the real bone of contention. As depicted, she is not a likeable person. She has no manners, and only a sense of injustice in place of a sense of justice. That she should live on her husband's money is almost incredible when one is given her ideas of economic and personal equality. A transition type, maybe; but only a minority of men and women will be able to see that she has any right to have her cake and eat it too, so consistently. If she represents the economic-emotional viewpoint of modern woman, there will be found few to agree with her of either sex. Mrs. Seymour has written a provocative book, however, and Tony's views and Stella's will be discussed at length.

CHILDREN'S POEMS

CURSORY RHYMES. By HUMBERT WOLFE. Benn. 6s.

MAYPOLE MARKET. By WILFRED THORLEY. Benn. 3s. 6d.

BOTH these volumes are happy collections of poems; we seriously doubt whether either would really "get over" to a child's mind. Mr. Humbert Wolfe's sequence about the fairy who took a house near Barker's, but experienced difficulties because she was only two inches tall is nearer, but he is so real a poet that he forgets the children and chases beauty unblushingly.

A voice half an opal and half violin

is too subtle. He never writes down, and he assumes a degree of imaginative intelligence in children which is rare, their capacity being rather that of mere fancy. There is, perhaps, an air of

having "made a book" of the slighter pieces which fill out the pages, but with the aid of Mr. Rutherston's drawings it forms a pleasant volume.

Mr. Thorley has written the much more orthodox children's poems of fairies and animals and flowers. We fear some children will like it more, although they ought not to. It is of the "that's what little girls are made of" type, pretty rather than beautiful; consciously and conscientiously considering the child mind. Belonging to the R. L. S. tradition of how to write for children, it will be read at many a tolerant youngster who will be wondering meanwhile why adults are so stupid about natural history.

TOPOGRAPHY

THE CHARM OF CAMBRIDGE. Written by S. C. ROBERTS. Illustrated by W. G. BLACKALL. Black. 21s.

MR. BLACKALL'S capital drawings are the chief feature of this book, and reveal the charm of Cambridge architecture, on the whole more varied than that of Oxford. Mr. Roberts follows him through the colleges with a text which is easy and attractive. A whole row of buildings stand right on the river, and the "Backs" form a great part of the attractions of Cambridge, especially when the blue anemone is in flower. Mr. Roberts notes choice pieces of architecture. Clare, especially beautiful when all except the windows is deep in virginia creeper, is better appreciated than it was, and Queens' now shows to advantage its early timberwork.

There are things well worth seeing in Cambridge besides the colleges, but these lend themselves readily to a display of anecdote, and Mr. Roberts should lure the reader on with his talk of great men and odd characters. The dons of today are, we fear, nothing like so picturesque as their predecessors. They have to work much harder, for Cambridge is not well off, and needs benefactors.

ROMANTIC JAVA. By H. S. BANNER. Seeley Service. 21s.

DENSELY clothed in tropic vegetation, and crowned with a multitude of mountain peaks, Java has many features of interest, and one or two that are unique. For its area it possesses more volcanoes than any comparable portion of the earth's surface, and here is found the largest flower—a yard in diameter—known to botanists. Nine-tenths of the world's demand for quinine is supplied from this single source.

An island lying near a great continent, the history of Java offers certain broad analogies with that of England. Successive invasions from the mainland, Malay, Hindu, and Mahomedan,

have each played their part in turn. Of these, the Hindu incursion early in the Christian era has left the most abiding traces: in its temples, in the use of the Sanskrit alphabet, and, above all, in the literature and traditions of the people. With the opening of the seventeenth century the rule of the Dutch began, since when (save for the short British occupation of 1811), they have remained predominant.

After a brief historical summary, the author describes the Java of today: its scenery, flora, and fauna, and the inhabitants and their way of life. Of the arts and industries of the Javanese he gives a clear and attractive account, while a chapter on "The Glamour of the Mountains" contains some excellent descriptive writing which leaves a vivid impression.

Volcanoes are next considered, including the curious mud-cones of Klut; and an account is given of the terrible Krakatoa eruption of 1883, when the tidal wave even affected the level of the Thames. Those who saw the sunsets of that year will never forget their extraordinary brilliancy, a result of the vast quantity of volcanic dust in the atmosphere. The legends of the Javanese are then dealt with, and a description is given of the Hindu temples that survive to this day. A chapter on "Vegetable and Animal Life" brings together much curious detail, including a bird which imitates human speech more perfectly than the parrot. Here, also, is a word about the scorpion and the vexed question of its tendency to "commit suicide." That, when surrounded by glowing embers, this insect *does* sting itself to death the author satisfied himself by direct experiment; though doubtless this is due to reflex action. In view of this, some recently recorded facts with regard to scorpions in Gibraltar are interesting; several specimens, when enclosed in an entomological killing bottle, were found, in each case, to insert the forked tail in the back of the neck and instantly fall dead.

The remainder of the book deals with sport in Java, the beliefs, ceremonies, and psychology of the inhabitants, and the conditions of life in general. A chapter is also devoted to the brief British occupation.

With a knowledge of Java extending over twelve years, Mr. Banner is well fitted for his task; his book is easily and pleasantly written and has not a dull page. The well-chosen photographs also help to elucidate the text, and a map and an index are added. Finally, it may be noted that a misprint occurs on page 1, where the latitude and longitude of Java are both incorrectly given; but this can be amended by reference to any atlas.

THE CHARM OF THE SCOTT COUNTRY. By the REV. JAMES BAIKIE. With twenty-four illustrations by GORDON HOME. Black. 7s. 6d.

No district is so rich in natural beauty or so frequently referred to in legend and story as the romantic Scottish Borderland. Not

a little of its fascination is due to the spell which the King of Romance, with his wonderful personality, cast over the whole district.

No ruin, glen or view along the valley of the Tweed but recalls some incident in the life of Scott—his life, because the Scott country is associated with the man himself rather than with this romances. Curiously enough, when he came, in "The Monastery," to lay the scene of his story in the neighbourhood of Abbotsford, he failed.

Even today, in spite of obtrusive charabancs that disturb the quietude of Dryburgh, and a café that a more commercial age has allowed to be erected on the shore of "lone St. Mary's silent lake," the Scott country has an irresistible appeal, which Mr. Baikie has ably presented, aided by Major Home's delightful pencil drawings. The book should increase the tale of pilgrims.

GENERAL

THE STUDENTS' GUIDE TO THE LIBRARIES OF LONDON. By REGINALD A. RYE. Third edition, revised. With 61 illustrations. University of London Press. 10s.

THIS is an admirable guide to the host of libraries available in London. Few cities can be so well provided with aids to the student. The tremendous library of the British Museum comes first with over 3,000,000 volumes, exhibitions of the sort that attract the learned, and a catalogue yards long, the effective use of which takes some experience. The Guildhall Library, which ranks next, is a delightful place to work in, with several special collections for modern readers as well as the libraries of many City Companies. The London Library, due to the agitation of Carlyle, is so well established that its catalogue has long been known to the wise as an excellent book of reference. Among the numerous special collections Dr. Williams's Library cannot be neglected by an expert in the period of Wordsworth. The public libraries of the London boroughs, of which Mr. Rye gives details, have been well organized of late years, and the number of books constantly re-bound show their frequent use. What is wanted is more guidance for the reader in some special line he is starting, and that, no doubt, will be gradually achieved. Private collectors have been most generous in leaving their treasures for the public, such as the Keats' MSS. left by Dilke to Hampstead. It is not generally known, we think, that several publishers preserve a long range of their books which can be consulted. The new Dickens Museum in Doughty Street has a fine collection of Dickensian literature which can be used. This is as it should be. The Johnson house in Gough Square has many books of special interest, but they are caged and not, we believe, accessible to readers. If they were, Mr. Rye would have noted the fact.

Librarian of the University of London, he has a very wide knowledge of its bookish resources. This present edition should be a real boon to students. It is a handbook by an expert, not a mere catalogue. The present reviewer wishes he had had such a guide thirty years since, for it would have put him at once on to what he wanted.

HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES. Vols. V—VIII. Dent. £3 the set.

IT is pleasant to hear that two supplementary volumes of foreign voyages are to be added next year. Those before us are full of good reading and odd things; indeed, one wonders what is the explanation of some of the prodigies reported in good faith. The achievements of the mariners, in view of the modern conveniences they lacked, are marvellous; their belief in themselves was seldom daunted, and they combined a first-rate sense of business with due caution. When a captain was invited by the Portuguese into a possibly hostile harbour, he considered that "all their practise was to have gotten us within their danger." This phrase is a specimen of the vigorous English then in use, which may not always be clear to the modern reader. The spelling used, as in "peece" for a piece of cannon, is sometimes more accurate than our own.

PAOLO VERONESE: HIS CAREER AND WORK. By PERCY H. OSMOND. The Sheldon Press. 25s. net.

THIS competent English monograph on Veronese fills a vacant line in the artistic and literary spectrum, for, although connoisseurs are agreed upon the great place held by Veronese in the world of art, and critics as far removed from each other as Ruskin and Cézanne have been dithyrambic in his praise, the book is the first comprehensive study of his career and work in the vulgar tongue.

It may be said at once that Mr. Osmond has shown himself fully alive to the magnitude of his task by giving us something much better than a collation of authorities, or a *catalogue raisonné* —though both these desirable elements are present in his book. It is not only scholarship and investigation which we find, but a sound, though modest, personal judgment lively set forth. The admirable appreciation in the opening chapter affords a key to the enthusiasm which carried the author on pilgrimages all over Europe in pursuit of personal impressions and scattered documents; the technical facts and colour notes thus gathered are particularly useful commentary on the black-and-white reproductions—of which nearly a hundred are given, whilst the biographical and historical matter is lucidly condensed in the chronological consideration of the painter's life work. Amateurs will be

grateful to the author and publisher for resisting the inevitable temptations to be diffuse and sumptuous in such a work, and for producing a well-made book of decent handsomeness at a relatively modest price.

"YOU'LL BE A MAN, MY SON!" By JASON GURNEY. Thornton Butterworth. 3s. 6d.

THESE letters to boys are supported by the praise of a man who has a good right to judge, the founder of the Scout movement. Mr. Gurney writes without a trace of pedantry or pomposity, and is very sound on such matters as games, a decent self-confidence, and snobbery. We do not agree with all his generalizations, but he shows the broad, good sense of the practical man. His stories and maxims are apt, and he realizes the advantages and handicaps of the national character.

MYTHS OF GREECE AND ROME. By JANE HARRISON. Benn. 6d.

THE title here is a little awkward. It might suggest, for instance, some study of the notable myths of Plato. What Miss Harrison considers is the hierarchy of gods familiar to the classical student, and much more important in Greece than in Rome, which was content with lesser and vaguer *numina*. Miss Harrison chooses her classical passages for illustration with the skill of a veteran, and gives us the latest views, which tend to emphasize the vegetable side of deity. Artemis is a herbalist, and so is Apollo, who in his name of Pæan records the healing powers of the peony. Dr. Rendel Harris has connected him with the apple, a derivation that cannot be regarded as certain. Poseidon is shown to be specially Mycenæan. Some views that might naturally be cherished are altered by the erudition in Greek vases Miss Harrison possesses. Thus the Judgment of Paris is discovered to have no early authority as a rather vulgar beauty show. He is not present in most of the vase forms, and the goddesses are not rival beauties, but rival offerers of gifts. Miss Harrison's writing is always clear and effective.

THE BOOK WINDOW. CHRISTMAS NUMBER. W. H. Smith & Son. 3d.

HERE is a little guide to book-buying and book-reading which is both useful and pleasant. Col. John Buchan, who is interviewed, is optimistic about the advance of reading and has some words of excellent sense on Scott and Shakespeare. Various people who know tell us what they would choose to give, and the qualities of several attractive books are displayed with the touch proper to the season.

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